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Grangé, Eugène

The idiot of the
mountain.



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THE
PIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

R. B. BUTLAND

MUSIC and PLAYS

87 KING ST. W.

A Drama,

TORONTO, ONT.

IN THREE ACTS.

Adapted from the French of

M. EUGÈNE GRANGÉ & LAMBERT THIBOUST

BY

WILLIAM E. SUTER, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*rates of the Savannah, Red Bridge, Old House on the Bridge of
Notre Dame, Holly Bush Hall, Dick Turpin, A Life's Revenge,
Catherine Howard, Felon's Bond, Accusing Spirit,
Three Brothers of Mystery, &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

First performed at the Theatre de la Gaité, June 3, 1861. A version at the Royal Surrey Theatre, on Saturday, September 7, 1861. Another version at the New City Theatre, on February 15, 1862.

A Romantic Drama in Three Acts, of stirring interest, with new and picturesque Scenery, extensive and novel scenic and mechanical Effects, entitled THE

IDIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Characters.

	Original.	Surrey.	City.	Grecian.
JACQUES CAUSSADE (an Iron Master)	M. LATOUCHE.	Mr. G. VINCENT.	Mr. W. MONTAGUE.	Mr. A. RAYNER.
PAUL CAUSSADE (his Son)	" SULLY-LEVY.	" J. FERNANDEZ.	" W. ROBERTS.	" R. H. LINGHAM.
PLACIDE BOUDRIER (Brigadier of Gendarmerie)	" LEMAIRE.	" J. HILLIER.	" E. BUTLER.	" J. MANNING.
PIERRE PUJOL (a Tavern Keeper and Post Master)	" JULIAN.	" MACLEAN.	" E. DYAS.	" R. GRANT.
FATHER SIMON (a Money Lender)	" DERVILLE.	" VOLTAIRE.	" G. HOWARD.	" JACKSON.
CLAUDE MARCEL (the Idiot of the Mountain).....	" PAULIN MENIER.	" CRESWICK.	" C. VERNER.	" T. MEAD.
ROUSSEL (a Peilard)	" MANUEL.	" SHEPHERD.	" J. F. YOUNG.	" W. JAMES.
ANDOCHÉ (Pujol's Waiter)	" MAILLET.	" WRIGHT.	" H. LINDON.	" H. POWER.
CASTALOU (a Guide)	" LEQUIEN.	" TAPPING.	" W. ARCHER.	" SMITHSON.
JOSEPH (a Servant)	" HYACINTHE.	" STRETTON.	" W. PAUL.	" HOWARD.
<i>Guides, Peasants, Gendarmes, Workmen, &c.</i>				
MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL ..	Mmes. GARRIQUE.	Mrs. ATKINS.	Mrs. WILKINS.	Miss JOHNSTONE.
NOEMIE (her Niece)	" DESMONT.	Miss E. WEBSTER.	" H. LINDON.	HELEN HALE.
The Stolen Son restored to his Mother—And an				
		ES.	ES.	" JANE DAWSON.
		"	"	" M. A. VICTOR.

THE POSTMASTER'S TAVERN.

The Soldier's Return—A Cold Welcome for a Warm Heart—The Money Lender and the Master of the Forge—A Pedlar Smuggler who thrives better in trade than in his love affairs—A Glimpse at a Mystery—Claude Marcel the Idiot and his History—An Encounter and a Threat—Jeanne's Promise—In the Meshes of the Law—Claude in Love.

THE DEVIL'S PEAK

And Sleeping Place of the Idiot—The Idiot and his Mountain Companions—The Murder and Escape—A False Accusation and a Dumb Witness.

THE COURT HOUSE AT TARBES.

The Trial and the Idiot Witness—An Innocent Man—Acquitted by his Judges, but condemned by his Fellow-men—The Assassin Juror—Jeanne nobly devotes herself to clear her Father's fame.

MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL'S CHATEAU.

The Idiot in pursuit of knowledge—A Project of Marriage defeated—True Love, and what it can accomplish—The Pedlar proposes an Interview and a Bargain with the Iron Master.

OUTSKIRTS OF TARBES.

Public Opinion and what it is Worth—A Brigadier on the brink of Matrimony—Cannons and Cartridges.

The Smuggler's Nest on the Rock.—The Narrow Path and the Ravine.

The Pedlar at Home and Jacques Caussade all Abroad—Jeanne's Noble Resolution and Determined Courage—A Momentous Interview—Jack rather better than his Master—Jeanne's Fearful Peril, and a Fall into the Ravine—A Cowardly Attack, and Claude Marcel, the Idiot, to the Rescue.

JACQUES CAUSADE'S FORGE.

Jeanne on the Murderer's Track—A Cruel Suspicion—More Misery for the Devoted Jeanne—The Idiot's Love and Thirst for Learning—The Dumb Witness.

A PARTMENT AT THE FORGE.

An Unintelligent, but Faithful Messenger—The Attempted Murder and its Frustration—Claude Marcel proves that an Idiot may be a Hero, and that he is not such a Fool as he looks—The Tables about to turn.

OUTSKIRTS OF TARRES.

The Brigadier does not prove quite such a Bargain as his Wife expected—A Modern Hercules and an Obedient Spouse.

THE CITY OF TARRES.

The Lover's Appeal—The Innocent, whom all condemn—Justice—Moments of Reason for the Idiot—The Memory of Early Days—Clever Rogues defeated by a Fool—The Innocent justified, and the Guilty doomed—The Last Blow—The Stolen Son restored to his Mother—And an Evil Recompense for poor Claude the Idiot.

THE
IDIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN!

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of Rustic Tavern. (2nd grooves) Mountains seen through large open doors, L.; large fire-place, R. 2 E., above which a gun is suspended; tables and chairs forward, L., and also at back, R. C.*

PLACIDE BAUDRIER, GENDARMES, and GUIDES, seated at table, L., drinking. ANDOCHE standing near door, L. 2 E., looking out towards L.—laughter without.

BAUD. Cannons and cartridges! what is all that?

ANDOCHE. (*laughing and holding his sides*) Ha, ha, ha! capital! isn't he in for it—ha, ha, ha!

BAUD. But what is it?

ANDOCHE. Ha, ha, ha! never saw a better game in all my life

BAUD. Will you speak, idiot?

ANDOCHE. (*coming forward*) I am going to speak, idiot.

BAUD. What? cannons and cartridges!

ANDOCHE. It's the idiot, Claude Marcel—that all the people about here call Jeanne's lover. He was seated on the barge munching his crust of bread, as usual, when—ha, ha, ha! some of the boys gave him a push behind, and he plumped into the mill-stream—he'll be carried under the wheel of the mill—never saw such a game in all my life—ha, ha, ha! (*all laugh*)

BAUD. Oh! if that's all—

ANDOCHE. That idiot is such a fool—I have seen a great many idiots in my time.

BAUD. Yourself to begin with. (*all laugh*)

ANDOCHE. Yourself to begin with—but that idiot is the greatest idiot I ever did see. By this time he is smashed to pieces under the mill wheel—idiots are always so stupid!

ROUSSEL. (*appearing, door, L., he has his pack at his back, and a staff in his hand*) Ah! are you there, my noble brigadier?

BAUD. (*rising*) Cannons and cartridges! Roussel!

ROUS. Yes—Roussel, the pedlar; Roussel, the prohibited, as people are pleased to call me. Good day, friends, are you pretty well? That's all right—I am quite well, thank'ee, (*wiping his forehead with the back of his hand*) but as thirsty as a dry ditch!

BAUD. Roussel in Reidac! (*aside*) I was certain he had returned! (*aloud*) Have your goods been overhauled?

ROUS. Yes; the officials of the custom house have done their duty, and found all square. And you to suppose that I am capable of smuggling! Oh! cruel brigadier, (*pretending to cry*) you hurt my feelings!

BAUD. Cannon and cartridges! no gammon! you are very fond of trotting into Spain, my fine fellow!

ROUS. It is such a charming country! Are you fond of Spain? (*taking up cup and drinking—crossing to L. C.*) Your good health, noble brigadier. ANDOCHE *has gone off, L. door.*

BAUD. I have never been there.

ROUS. The women! such feet! no larger than that! (*showing the end of his finger*) and eyes! as large as that! (*showing his arms*)

BAUD. (*C.—nudging him*) And good contraband tobacco—eh, you villain?

ROUS. Again? I tell you I am no longer a smuggler. I have been, to a trifling extent, in my youth, like all the rest of the world. Come now, brigadier, confess that you, yourself—

BAUD. (*crossing, L.*) Cannons and cartridges!

ROUS. (*C.*) Ah! 'tis a splendid trade! You depart—your heart light, head erect, foot lithsome, your pipe in your mouth—elate with hope, in the broad day and the full blaze of the sun; swaggering along the high road and boldly pass the custom house, your pack empty; and you return—your pack full; but by cross roads, and by night—your ear on the stretch, your eye on the watch—for danger is around you! Do not smoke—your pipe would betray you; do not sing—the mountains have echoes, and your song would destroy you; stifle the beatings of your heart—they might be heard; mistrust the moon—she sends your shadow to the revenue officers, who are on the watch! Do not halt though—walk on and on, stopping not a moment! It is danger; yes, but it is glorious excitement—it is life! You are alone in the night, but nature and the stars are with you—and a smuggler—oh, he is king of the world! (*crossing to L. C., and taking up cup*) Your health again, noble brigadier!

BAUD. (*C.*) You are a daring fellow, Master Prohibited!

ROUS. And now, what's the news here? When are you to be married to your cousin, Mariette—are you still hanging on there?

BAUD. Yes.

ROUS. You are such a fine man! does she still lead you by the nose, noble brigadier?

BAUD. (*drawing himself up*) Cannons and cartridges! she! a little girl that——

ROUS. Little girls have long arms. And Pierre Pujol, what is he about?

BAUD. Cooking a kid for our supper—shot by himself.

ROUS. Ah! none can handle a gun with better effect than Pierre Pujol, as everybody knows. (*with emotion*) And his daughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is she—— (*all laugh*)

BAUD. Ha, ha! you are in for it too. Cannon and cartridges! we are all alike; mighty love pinches the civil as well as the military department.

ROUS. I have a heart, and must endure the consequences.

BAUD. But she does not love you.

ROUS. I live in hopes.

BAUD. She is a good girl, and a pretty girl.

ROUS. She is an angel! (*bells heard, L.*) Hey! why are the bells ringing?

BAUD. Why? Cannons and cartridges! because 'tis a fête day here at Reidac.

ROUS. Oh! Ah! true.

BAUD. There will be dancing this evening; you will make one?

ROUS. No, I am off again early this evening; a six weeks' journey, that's all.

BAUD. Another smuggling expedition, eh?

Music—Enter, door L., MARIETTE and other young GIRLS, in mountain costume, petticoats striped with white and black, red capuchins, &c.

MARI. What is it I see? you are drinking; and after I had strictly forbidden you.

BAUD. (*R. C., meekly*) But——

MARI. Silence, Placide, touch another drop if you dare.

BAUD. I won't, my love.

MARI. Such disobedience! if it occurs again——

ROUS. (*L., aside*) Women are lucky creatures; they are not afraid of the gendarmes.

MARI. (*seeing ROUSSEL*) Ah! Monsieur Prohibited! have you returned to be present at my marriage? for I am about to marry Placide.

BAUD. That's me. Cannons and cartridges! I am Placide, Placide Baudier.

MARI. Silence!

BAUD. Yes, commander.

ROUS. You are ambitious then to become a female brigadier?

MARI. And why not? I flatter myself I have sufficient dignity.

ROUS. And shall you retain your place at Monsieur Caussade's iron works?

MARI. (*with contempt*) To keep account of the men's time? Not exactly; employed from six in the morning booking the day's work made by the men, and all for ten crowns a month; not so silly. Besides, when I am married I shall find sufficient employment with my husband, and my children.

BAUD. Yes, our children. Cannons and cartridges!

MARI. (*giving him a sharp slap on the hand*) Placide, silence!

BAUD. Yes, my captain.

MARI. Ah! here is Jeanne.

ROUS. (*aside, with emotion*) Jeanne!

The MEN at table rise—JEANNE enters, R. 1 E.

OMNES. Good day, Mademoiselle Jeanne.

JEAN. (C.) Good day, friends. Ah! Monsieur Roussel!

ROUS. (L.) She has seen me. (*bows awkwardly*)

JEAN. Have you had a prosperous journey?

ROUS. Well, you know, I can't say that, because— (*aside as JEANNE goes up a little*) Confound it! have I left all my wit in Spain, and come home a fool?

MARI. (R. C.—to ROUSSEL) Courage!

BAUD. (R.) Be a man!

MARI. Silence!

BAUD. Yes, my major!

ROUS. Yes, I will, I—Mademoiselle Jeanne—(*she advances, C.*) have you reflected? (*with emotion*) Once more, Jeanne, I ask you—will you become my wife?

JEAN. (*confused*) Marry!—My father has need of me. (*quickly*) I must not leave him; he is not yet entirely extricated from the many misfortunes which have assailed him—that epidemic which has destroyed so many of our horses—it has been necessary to replace them in order to continue the postal service. Monsieur Simon has lent us a large sum of money.

ROUS. What, Father Simon?

JEAN. (*quickly*) Oh! we shall soon be free—but it is impossible that I should marry anybody yet!

ROUS. Or ever. Because you despise me—is it not so? Because I am called the prohibited?

MARI. (*laughing*) She thinks your love is a little like your merchandize—contraband.

BAUD. (*laughing*) Ha, ha—capital!

MARI. Silence.

BAUD. (*humbly*) Yes, my lieutenant.

JEANNE. (*mildly*) No, it is not that, but——

ROUS. Speak out boldly. You cannot love me, because you already love another.

JEANNE. (*troubled*) I?

ROUS. Yes—young Paul Caussade, the son of the rich iron master. Paul Caussade who, two years since, became a soldier and went to Africa, and whose return you are expecting.

JEANNE. (*with emotion*) His return!

ROUS. Ah! You see that I am right—you blush—you are all of a tremble. It is him that you love.

PUJOL. (*without*) Jeanne! Jeanne!

JEAN. My father's voice! (*going up*)

Enter PIERRE PUJOL hastily, L. door.

PUJOL. Quick, Jeanne. (*joyfully*) Here are Madame de Flavigneul and her niece.

JEAN. Mademoiselle Noémie. PUJOL and JEANNE *hurry off, L.*

MARI. Now, Placide, conduct me to the fête.

BAUD. 'Tis there my duty calls me. Come, comrades—cannon and cartridges!

MARI. I forbid you to swear in my presence.

BAUD. Yes, my sublimity.

ROUS. (*aside*) And they are going to dance—ugh! I have a great mind to set fire to the village.

BAUD. Are you coming, Prohibited?

ROUS. (*shortly*) Yes, I am.

Goes off, L.

MARI. Call the poor fellow by his proper name.

BAUD. Why, what's the harm to——

MARI. Silence——

BAUD. Yes, my colonel.

MARI. And follow me.

BAUD. Yes, my beautiful field marshal.

Music.—MARIETTE *struts off with* PEASANT GIRLS, *followed by* BAUDRIER, GENDARMES, &c., L. 2 E.

Enter MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL, *from* L. 2 E., *supported by* JEANNE and NOEMIE, *and followed by* PUJOL, *who places chair for* MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL.

MAD. F. (*seated, c.*) Fear nothing—it is but emotion caused by passing this fatal portion of the mountain—it recalls so many cruel memories. (*looking fondly on* NOEMIE) But you remain to me, dear child. You, on whom now is lavished all my tenderness.

NOEMIE. (L. C.) Dear aunt.

PUJOL. (R.) Madame——

MAD. F. Forgive me, my friends—I afflict you, but I will

strive for more courage—will endeavour to forget. Well, Pujol, has fortune mended with you?

PUJOL. Yes, Madame—I have good hope that my affairs will soon be re-established.

NOEMIE. You are two wicked creatures to have forgotten us in your misfortunes—are they not, aunt?

JEAN. (R. C.) Oh! Well, we know how generous you are, but our bad days, we trust, are passed; and thanks to heaven, we no longer need aught. (*the noise of a diligence heard without*)

ANDOCHE *runs on, from L. door.*

ANDOCHE. Governor, governor, the coach from Tarbes has arrived—it changes horses here, you know.

PUJOL. Of course I know, blockhead. Will you excuse me, madam? *Hurries off, L.*

MAD. F. (*rising*) And we must away, Noemie, or we shall not reach the chateau before nightfall.

NOEMIE. When you will, aunt, I am ready.

ANDOCHE. (*aside, to JEANNE*) Ah! If you only knew—I recognized him in a minute—he was on the imperial.

JEAN. (R. C.) Who was?

ANDOCHE. Monsieur Paul.

Goes off, R. 1 E.

JEAN. (*joyfully*) Paul!

Enter PIERRE PUJOL and PAUL CAUSSADE, in costume of a Chasseur of Africa, with Cross of the Legion of Honour, door L. 2 E.

PUJOL. (R., *skaking hands with PAUL CAUSSADE*) Victory—here he is—he has returned to us!

PAUL. (R. C.) My worthy old friend! Jeanne! (*seeing MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL and NOEMIE, and bowing*) Ladies——

MAD. F. Adieu, Pujol!

PUJOL. (*bowing*) Madam. (MADAME DE FLAVIGNUEL and NOEMIE *go up, accompanied by JEANNE*)

NOEMIE. You must come and see us, Jeanne—or I shall no longer love you!

JEAN. I will—I promise you that I will.

Exeunt MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL and NOEMIE, door L. 2 E.

—JEANNE *comes forward, L. C.*

PAUL. (C.) At last, dear friends, I again behold you. Two years in Africa—it is a long time.

PUJOL. (R. C.) Not too long to be well employed it would seem? (*pointing to cross*)

PAUL. Yes, my old companion—decorated and named lieutenant on the field of battle—what do you think of that? Soon we will resume our sport of former days. (*pointing to gun, R.*) Your gun is as good as ever?

PUJOL. (*laughing*) Yes—we have neither of us grown old and rusty.

Enter ANDOCHE, R. 1 E.

ANDOCHE. Governor ! governor !

PUJOL. What now ?

ANDOCHE. Such a game—the little kid at the fire——

PUJOL. Well ?

ANDOCHE. Down brown—in fact, burnt to a cinder.

PUJOL. Idiot ! and you tell me that as if it were a good joke ?

ANDOCHE. Well, the little animal does look droll, I fancy.

PUJOL. And it is for the guide's supper—out of the way, fool. (*pushing him*)

ANDOCHE. Don't do that—I wasn't hired to be knocked about. Go and vent your rage on the other animal—I ain't a kid ! *They go off disputing, R. 1 E.*

PAUL. (R. C.) Dear Jeanne, companion of my infancy, your remembrance has been ever with me.

JEANNE. (L. C.) Monsieur Paul, we must renounce our dreams. I am poor—your father wealthy.

PAUL. (*gaily*) Well, so much the better for him—let him keep his fortune, it does not concern me. Simple Lieutenant in the Second Chasseurs, that is my social position—do not refuse me, Jeanne, or I shall believe it is you who are ambitious.

JEANNE. (*joyfully*) You still love me, then ?

PAUL. Dear Jeanne, can you ask it ? (*raises her hand and kisses it*)

At that moment JACQUES CAUSSADE appears in the door-way
L. 2 E.—*they hastily separate.*

PAUL. (*aside*) My father.

JEANNE. Monsieur Caussade ! Oh, heaven ! (*hurries up to R.—curtseys, looking fearfully at CAUSSADE, and goes off, R. 1 E.—a pause—CAUSSADE slowly advances, C.*)

PAUL. (R. C., *extending his hand*) Father !

CAUS. (*stopping him with a gesture*) So, sir, after two years' absence, your first visit is to this tavern ? It is truly fortunate that business has brought me to this village, or I should have been the last to know of your arrival.

PAUL. Father !

CAUS. You still love that girl ?

PAUL. Yes, father.

CAUS. (*ironically*) Really ! you are most chivalrously faithful—but it is my duty to oppose such folly. I will not suffer you, by a love unworthy of you, to destroy your future prospects.

PAUL. But, father, Jeanne is an honest girl, and my happiness, my duty——

CAUS. Your duty is to obey me. Besides, I have other views for you—let that suffice.

PAUL. Father, although your heart has never shown for me the tenderness for which I pined, which would have rendered me so happy ; yet, as you know, my respect and obedience for you have never failed ; I have never asked of you an account of my fortune—but leave me master of my affections, suffer me to dispose of my heart.

SIMON *appears in door-way, L. 2 E., and listens.*

CAUS. Ah, great words—lofty passions !

PAUL. No, father, but a sincere affection, on which depends the happiness of my life——

CAUS. Oh, I will see about all that.

PAUL. Yet, permit me——

CAUS. Enough. (*seeing SIMON*) Go, and wait for me at the Forge. I have some affairs to attend to in this neighbourhood, and it will be night before I reach home. Another time, we will resume this subject, and come to a final understanding respecting it. Go !

PAUL. (*aside, with emotion*) Two years I have been absent, and now he has not even offered me his hand. *Exit, door L. 2 E.*

SIMON. (*advancing, L., bowing humbly*) Your servant, Monsieur Caussade.

CAUS. (C.) Ah, is it you, Master Simon ?

SIMON. It appears, Monsieur Caussade, that you agree no better with your son now than formerly.

CAUS. (*drily*) Precisely.

SIMON. You ought to love him, though—for it is to him you are indebted for being what you are. If, two and twenty years ago, on the death of your wife, you had not stumbled on him, the dowry would have returned to the family, and you had nothing—you would have become again a poor workman at the forge, instead of being a rich proprietor.

CAUS. I know all that—let us speak of—of that which interests you.

SIMON. You have received my letter ?

CAUS. Yes ! (*emphatically*) Yes !

SIMON. Well, and what is your answer to it ?

CAUS. Between this and to-morrow you shall know.

SIMON. Well—but——

CAUS. Hush, here is some one. Hoa, there, waiter !

Enter ROUSSEL, door L. 2 E.

ROUSSEL. (*aside*) And while I am miserable, they are laughing, the wretches !

ANDOCHE *runs on*, R. 1 E.

ANDOCHE. Anybody call?

CAUS. Has my horse been taken care of?

ANDOCHE. (R.) Yes, he's got lots to eat, and plenty of clean straw. We can't spare him a feather bed, or else——

CAUS. Silence, fool! (*going up*)

SIMON. That is understood, then, Monsieur Caussade, I am to have your answer between this and to-morrow?

CAUS. Yes. (*aside*) That man's exactions are become intolerable. *Exit*, L. 2 E.

ANDOCHE. And he too, like all the rest, says I am a fool—if I wasn't used to it, I couldn't bear it. *Exit*, door L. 2 E.

SIMON. (*aside*, C., *rubbing his hands*) Good—good! I have him! (*turning to ROUSSEL*) You are quite well, Master Roussel?

ROUS. Yes, yes, Father Simon.

SIMON. You seem in a melancholy mood—love griefs, eh? ha, ha! you will soon get over that, my fine fellow.

ROUS. Ah, you think that it is easy to——

SIMON. Come and see me, and I will give you a little advice. I was your father's friend—besides, you are a good lad, every time that you return from Spain, you bring me a little present—and that cements friendship.

ROUS. Your allowance of tobacco, eh? Yes, I have a packet for you, now. (*undoing his pack*) It is hidden in my secret archives—a double bottom, eh? That bothers the custom-house officers.

SIMON. (*taking the tobacco*) Thanks, my brave lad, thanks! (*going up*, R., *stops*) Stay, Prohibited, I wish to do something for you.

ROUS. What is it, Father Simon?

SIMON. (*returning*) I wish to make you a present—after I'm dead.

ROUS. Oh, thank'ee—I shall have some time to wait, for you bid fair for a long life.

SIMON. Umph! I am growing old—nobody knows who is to live, or who to die.

ROUS. Pooh! you will live to be a hundred years old.

SIMON. (*laughing*) I haven't the slightest objection. But, for all that, if one day you should hear that Father Simon has slipped through, as the custom-house officers say——

ROUS. My intimate enemies.

SIMON. Well, (*lowering his voice*) go then to my house on the mountain——

ROUS. Yes, I know—on the Devil's Peak!

SIMON. Enter the garden, and at the foot of the old elm—you know the old elm?

ROUS. That old hollow tree under which we have so often smoked our pipes together? I should think so!

SIMON. Well—there, by just removing a little of the earth, you will find something that may be useful to you.

ROUS. (*quickly*) Something—

SIMON. Oh, don't be excited, it is not money.

ROUS. So much the worse!

SIMON. And, besides, that "something" can be of no use to you till I am dead.

ROUS. Very well—that is understood, Father Simon; I shall not forget. (*gaily*) And now that I am your heir, if you are at all tired of your life, pray don't stand on any ceremony.

SIMON. (*gaily*) I shall die only when I can't help it—not before, my lad, not before. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

ROUS. (*looking off, L.*) Now is my time to do a little trade. (*returns to his pack, L.*)

Music.—Enter BAUDRIER, MARIETTE and PEASANTS, door L. 2 E.—(PEASANTS down L., MARIETTE L., BAUDRIER C.)

ROUS. Ladies and gentlemen, inhabitants of Reidac, allow me to call your attention to a choice assortment of the newest articles—knives, scissors, needles, thimbles, silks, woollens, cottons, almanacks, warranted good for a whole year, collars, and handkerchiefs for the ladies, stockings and tobacco-stoppers for the gentlemen. Now, my customers, don't be bashful, don't be bashful—you are quite welcome to look, and then I know you'll buy.

PEASANTS. Let us look—let us look! (*they surround his pack*)
SIMON and PUJOL enter, R. 1 E., conversing—PEASANTS make purchases—*Music.*

SIMON. (R. C., *raising his voice*) Rubbish—what is due is due!

PUJOL. (R., *raising his voice*) And who attempts to deny it.

SIMON. Then why don't you pay—the bill is a week over due—and I want my money. (*all listen*)

PUJOL. Give me a few days longer.

SIMON. That's the old story. The bill is over due, and if you don't pay it now, you are no better than a swindler.

PUJOL. (*angrily*) What?

SIMON. Yes—a swindler.

PUJOL. (*seizing him by the collar*) Why, you old rascal!

PEASANTS. Stop—stop!

BAUD. Cannons and cartridges!

ROUS. (*kneeling and fastening his pack*) Be calm, Pujol, be calm.

SIMON. (*threateningly*) So this is the way you pay your debts, is it? Very well—within one hour you shall hear from me, Master Pujol, and I don't think you will find the news very pleasing. *Exit, L. 2 E.*

Enter JEANNE, R. 1 E.

JEAN. What has happened, father?

PUJOL. (R.) Nothing, child, nothing.

(laughter and mocking shouts without)

Enter ANDOCHE, laughing and holding his sides, door L. 2 E.

ANDOCHE. Oh! ha, ha, ha! This is a game—ha, ha, ha!

BAUD. (C.) Don't grin, fool—but speak.

MARI. (L. C.) Silence, Placide.

BAUD. Yes, my celestial.

ANDOCHE. It's Claude Marcel, the idiot. Another game, and the best of all—eh? Here he comes—ha, ha, ha! *(goes down, L. corner)*

Music.—Enter CLAUDE MARCEL, door, L. 2 E., escorted by CHILDREN who pull and push him—an old canvas bag is hanging in front of him, suspended round his neck by a piece of string—a large bouquet in his hand—and his old hat is covered with flowers—he allows himself to be dragged by the CHILDREN, and has an idiot smile upon his lips.

OMNES. Oh! Ah! Claude Marcel. Oh! Ah!

ANDOCHE. See here, the lover of the beautiful Jeanne—look, Claude—there she is waiting for you—go and ask her.

CLAUDE. (C.) Ask her?

OMNES. Yes, yes—go along, go along.

CLAUDE. *(to JEANNE)* If you please, when am I to marry you? *(all laugh)*

ANDOCHE. Show your accomplishments—dance, Claude, dance.

A BOY. Yes, the bear's dance—come up. *(striking him on the legs with a little whip)*

CLAUDE. I am going to dance—I am going to dance. *(dances heavily)*

BAUD. (L. C.) Ha, ha—beautiful!

MARI. Silence.

BAUD. Yes, my terrestrial.

ANDOCHE. Now sing your song.

OMNES. Yes, sing, Claude, sing.

CLAUDE. *(obeying passively)* Yes, I'm going to sing, to make her marry me.

OMNES. That's it—that's it!

CLAUDE. *(singing)* Oh, ho! What beautiful girls

Around we do see,

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be. *(dancing heavily)*

Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

OMNES. Bravo !

CLAUDE. (to JEANNE—*pursuing his fixed idea*) If you please, when am I to marry you?

ANDOCHE. He sticks to it. Did you ever know an idiot such a fool?

BAUD. He is a perfect idiot, in consequence of being without a particle of sense.

MARI. Silence, Placide.

BAUD. Yes, my captivator.

ROUS. (L., *aside*) Poor fellow—he also—he loves her. (BOY approaches R. of CLAUDE, raising his whip)

CLAUDE. (when BOY is about to strike) Ooah ! Ooah ! (*jumping and waving his arms—BOY runs away, R.*) He didn't beat me—he didn't beat me—he, he, he !

MARI. He never hurts children ; isn't it droll !

BAUD. Because children, when they are very young, are infants, and being himself a child—in intellect, he——

MARI. Silence !

BAUD. Yes, my general !

JEAN. Poor Claude ! he never hurts any one ! he is so good !

ANDOCHE. Yes, but not when anybody is paying attention to you.

JEAN. Nonsense—you silly fool !

ANDOCHE. Yes, I know that, but just wait a minute. You there, hold him tight, and mind you don't let him go. (PEASANTS hold CLAUDE who, still smiling, offers no resistance—ANDOCHE marches over to JEANNE placing his hand on his heart) Oh ! (*sighing heavily*) Ma'amselle Jeanne, I do so love you !

CLAUDE. Ah ! (*he breaks away, and running over seizes ANDOCHE, shakes him, and hurls him round into L. corner—ANDOCHE falls—all laugh*)

ANDOCHE. I told you so ! what did you let him go for, oh ?

CLAUDE. I don't like it ! I don't like it !

BAUD. No, and t'other don't like it ! Cannons and cartridges !

MARI. Silence, Placide !

BAUD. Yes, my colonel.

CLAUDE. Jeanne—(*going to her*)—flowers, buttercups and daisies—to marry you—when shall I marry you ?

BAUD. Well, the way in which he sticks to— (MARIETTE looks at him, about to speak, he slinks away, R.)

JEAN. (*mildly*) Marry me ! ah, good faith ! a pretty husband I should have, idle and ignorant !

CLAUDE. If you please, when am I to marry you ?

JEAN. When ? (*smiling*) Well, when you have learned to read and to know your figures.

CLAUDE. (*repeating mechanically*) Read ?

JEAN. Yes, letters and figures !

CLAUDE. Letters—figures?

ROUS. (*advancing L. of CLAUDE, and shewing him a book*)
Yes, such as these.

CLAUDE. Ah!

MARIE. (L. C.) I do believe, Jeanne, he understands when you speak to him!

CAUSSADE *enters, L. 2 E., and remains at back.*

BAUD. (R. corner) Yes, cannons and cartridges! because——
(*MARIETTE looks at him, he slinks up stage*)

JEAN. Yes, Claude, when you have well learned your letters and your figures, then I shall love you, and I will marry you!

CLAUDE. Ah, ah! (*jumping*) Letters, figures! tul, lul, lul! (*running to the back to little boy with the whip, he raises and hugs him*) He didn't beat me! (*returning to his idea*) Letters, figures—figures, letters! tul, lul, lul! Oh, ho! oh, ho! oh, ho! and they're all as pretty as pretty can be. (*runs off door, L. 2 E.*)

CHILDREN. Claude Marcel, hulloa! Claude Marcel! (*all follow him off*)

ANDOCHE. (*laughing*) If he should ever learn to read, what a game! *Exit, door L. 2 E.*

MARIE. Poor fellow! he will never——

BAUD. Love is a mighty inspiration, and perhaps——

MARIE. Silence, Placide!

BAUD. Yes, my exterminator!

Exeunt, L. 2 E.

CAUS. (*advancing, C.*) What unhappy wretch is that?

PUJOL. (R. C.) How, Monsieur Caussade, you belong to the country, and don't know the Idiot of the Mountain?

CAUS. No.

(*JEANNE sits at table, R., and works.*)

PUJOL. He is Claude Marcel, the son of Madeleine Verbier—Madeleine Verbier, you know, who had a cottage on the Devil's Peak, and who nursed Madame Flavigneul's son—the child that was stolen away by the gitanos.

CAUS. Ah! yes, I have heard that story, but that does not explain to me how this Claude Marcel——

ROUS. (L. C.) Became an idiot? Well, this is how it happened. One evening, just as it was growing dark, Madeleine fell asleep beside the cradle of her nurse child, Claude Marcel who was then five years old, was playing outside the door, when, as it is believed, one of those infernal gitanos entered the house and carried away the child—and, probably, Claude Marcel was about to cry out for help for his foster brother, and then this child-stealer seized him by the throat to strangle him. When Madeleine awoke she found the cradle empty; she questioned Claude, who laughed and pointed to his bleeding throat—since that day he has been

an idiot ; now he is an orphan, he wanders from farm to farm, warming himself when he is cold, extending his hand when he is hungry, and sleeping I know not where, under the protection of Providence.

JEAN. (*rising*) Poor fellow! (*clock strikes seven*)

CAUS. Seven o'clock!

PUJOL. Jeanne, spread the cloth.

JEAN. Yes, father!

Exit, R. 1 E.

CAUS. (*to PUJOL*) What do I owe you for my horse?

PUJOL. What you like, sir.

(CAUSSADE *gives a pieces of money to PUJOL, who goes off, L. 2 E.*)

ROUS. (*approaching CAUSSADE*) Can't you and I do a little business together, Monsieur Caussade?

CAUS. (C.) I don't want anything.

ROUS. (L. C.) I have some capital English razors, warranted (*aside*) not to cut!

CAUS. No, thank you, no!

ROUS. Come, you will buy something of me, see—(*drawing book from his pocket*) here is something in your way—a ready reckoner—it will serve your time-keeper to calculate the hours the men work. You can't refuse to buy that?

CAUS. (*impatiently*) Well, give it to me. How much?

ROUS. Two francs, to you; (*aside*) half the money to anybody else!

CAUS. (*paying*) Well, there! (*puts the book into his pocket*)

ROUS. Thank'ee! (*shouldering his pack*) Are you going my road, Monsieur Caussade?

CAUS. I am going to Tarbes.

Exit, L. 2 E., nodding to PUJOL, who enters at the same moment, followed by CASTALOU and another GUIDE)

ROUS. Ah! then we turn our backs on each other. I am going to the Spanish Bridge. Good-bye, father Pujol! remember me to Jeanne, I am off again for a couple of months; so good bye, and mind you drink good luck to the pedlar.

Exit, L. 2 E.

PUJOL. Success to you, Roussel!

CASTA. A pleasant journey, Prohibited!

PUJOL. (*closing C. door*) Come, friends, supper is on the table.

CASTA. Good!

Exeunt, R. 1 E.

(*it has grown gradually dark—music—door, L. 2 E., is opened cautiously, and CAUSSADE appears, wrapped in a cloak—he enters, walking on tiptoe, and looks around him, certain that he is not seen, he approaches the fireplace, R., takes down the gun, conceals it under his cloak, and is returning towards L. door, when JEANNE suddenly appears, R. 1 E., a lamp in her hand*)

JEAN. I am going, father.

CAUS. Confusion! (*darts out, door, L. 1 E., which he closes*)

JEAN. (*seeing him*) Ah! (*screams—the lamp falls from her hand—PUJOL and the GUIDES hurry on, R. 1 E.*)

PUJOL. (R. C.) That scream——

GUIDES. (R.) What has happened?

JEAN. (C.—*agitated*) A man—a man who was there, and who fled at my approach!

PUJOL. (R. C.) A thief—look without!

GUIDES *exeunt quickly, door, L. 2 E.*

Was it any one of these parts?

JEAN. I did not see his face, father; 'twas like a shadow that he appeared to me, there, at yonder door.

PUJOL. You must have been mistaken, you little coward!

Re-enter GUIDES, L. 2 E.

Well?

CASTA. No one! We have seen nothing!

PUJOL. There! you hear that?

JEAN. (*to herself*) 'Tis very strange!

(*CASTALOU has picked up and relighted the lamp at the fire*)

ANDOCHE *running on, door, L. 2 E.*

ANDOCHE. Governor! Governor!

PUJOL. (*laughing*) Andoche! (*to JEANNE*) It was he you saw.

ANDOCHE. (R.) Governor, here is a paper for you!

PUJOL. What is it? (*opens paper, then hangs his head mournfully*) Ah!

ANDOCHE. There's an image at the top of it.

JEAN. Father! what is that paper?

PUJOL. Well—the realization of Simon's threats—notice of a seizure for to-morrow.

JEAN. Oh! the wicked man!

PUJOL. Friends, you will sup without me to-night—quick, Jeanne, my hat and stick.

JEAN. You are going out?

PUJOL. Yes; I must see Simon, and endeavour to obtain some delay, go to supper, friends. Oh! that rascal Simon!

ANDOCHE. Come on, the kid mustn't get cold, come along.

Exeunt ANDOCHE and GUIDES, R. 1 E.

JEAN. (*frightened*) But, father, to cross the mountain at night?

PUJOL. Pooh! this is a fete day—plenty of people about—and besides, what nonsense to think that—there, good-bye, good-bye!

JEAN. I know not why, but——

PUJOL. All a girl's nonsense—good-bye, good-bye! Ah! that scoundrel Simon!

Music.—He goes off at door, L.—JEANNE looks after him for an instant, then closes the door, and walks off slowly and sadly, R. 1 E.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Devil's Peak. At back, summit of the mountain, covered with snow, the last rays of the setting sun reflected on it. An excavation in the rock which serves for the Idiot's sleeping place, R. C.; at back, L. C., the alarm bell; over the excavation a large tuft of bushes. Very distantly is heard music, to which the PEASANTS are supposed to be dancing; CLAUDE MARCEL is seen ascending the mountain, at back, R., still smiling, he gathers flowers on either hand, then chases a butterfly, which he catches, and as soon as caught, releases.*

CLAUDE. (*shouting*) Oh, ah! oh, ah! (*his cries are repeated, at a great distance, by the mountain echo—he laughs*) They are my little companions, they are my little companions! (*sits at back, brings a piece of bread from his bag, and eats, then rises and sings*)

Oh! oh! what beautiful girls
Around me do see,
And they're all as pretty
As pretty can be.

(*very loudly*) Oh! ho! oh! ho! oh! ho! (*echo again—he listens and laughs*)

And they're all as pretty
As pretty can be.

Letters and figures! she will marry me. (*laughing*) He, he! wait a bit—wait a bit!—ha!—ugh—ugh! so cold! snow—cold snow!—ha!—ugh!—ugh! (*shivering—creeps into the hole, R. C.—music—lies down, his head on a large stone, pulls over him a blanket full of holes—gradually falls asleep—SIMON is seen struggling up the mountain path, from R. U. E.*)

SIMON. (*he stops at back*) Ugh! 'tis hard work! the trunk is good, but—(*touching his legs with his cane*) the branches are beginning to decay! (*proceeds*) By this time, Pujol knows all about it; he'll be more civil another time, and I want my money—every one for himself in this world! (*he is now, C., and opposite to the excavation*) Oh, the idiot! (*CLAUDE awakes, and looks fixedly at SIMON*) Always to be obliged, on my way home, to pass this poor wretch! But to see what instinct is, he hates me as if—don't stare at me in that way, d'ye hear, idiot? (*raising his cane—CLAUDE, who has been watching him, snatches up a stone, and is about to throw it at SIMON's head*)

CLAUDE. Ah! would you? ah! would you?

SIMON. (*ducking*) No, no! he is not in a good humour this evening; go to sleep, idiot—go to sleep!

CLAUDE. (*dropping stone*) He didn't beat me! he didn't beat me!

(*music*—SIMON resumes his walk, towards L. 1. E.—the muzzle of a gun protrudes from bushes, R. C.—the gun is fired—SIMON utters a loud cry, staggers forward and falls)

CLAUDE. (*quietly—still in the hole*) Bang! shoot—bang! (*laughing*) He, he, he!

SIMON. (*trying to crawl towards CLAUDE*) Help! Claude! help!

CLAUDE. Eh? what?

SIMON. Help me, Claude, help me!

CLAUDE. (*crawling from hole*) Eh? what?

SIMON. (*trying to rise*) I am wounded! go—the alarm bell—ring it, ring! ah! (*falls back and dies*)

CLAUDE. Ring the bell! (*with great glee*) Ring the bell! (*jumps and dances to the bell*) He, he, he! (*pulls the rope*) ding, dong! ding, dong!

Music.—PIERRE PUJOL enters hastily, up ascent, R. U. E.

PUJOL. The alarm bell! (*seeing SIMON*) A man slain! Simon! (*calling*) Hoa, friends! help! help!

CLAUDE. (*pushing SIMON with his foot*) He doesn't move a bit—he, he, he! (*seeing blood on SIMON'S vest*) Oh, look! red water—red water!

PUJOL. Help! help!

(*music*—PEASANTS appear every way—GUIDES, &c., BAUDRIER, and GENDARMES from R. U. E.)

OMNES. What is it?

PUJOL. (R. C.) See, see—Father Simon assassinated!

OMNES. Ah!

CLAUDE. (L. C.) Red water, red water—he, he, he!

BAUD. (C.) Yes, he is dead!

OMNES. Dead!

CLAUDE. (*laughing*) Dead! he, he, he!

CASTALOU. (*to PEASANTS*) Master Pujol's debt to Simon is now paid, eh?

PEASANTS. True, true!

CASTA. Not half an hour ago they were quarrelling together at—

PEASANTS. Yes, yes!

A GENDARME. (*entering down, R.*) Brigadier, I have just found this amongst the bushes.

OMNES. A gun!

GENDARME. (R. C.) The assassin no doubt endeavoured to throw it into the gulf, but it was stopped by the branches.

BAUD. (*taking gun and looking at it*) Why, 'tis Pierre Pujol's gun!

PUJOL. My gun! impossible!

BAUD. Look!

PUJOL. Yes, it—it is my gun! (PEASANTS *group together talking earnestly*)

BAUD. How comes it that——

PUJOL. I know not—I heard the report of fire arms—then the alarm bell—and I hastened——

CLAUDE. I rang the bell—ding, dong! ding, dong!

BAUD. Pierre Pujol, you owed five hundred francs to Simon—we all know that!

CASTA. And their quarrel awhile ago!

PUJOL. (*understanding their suspicion*) Oh! infamous! who is the cowardly wretch that dares accuse me?

CASTA. Pujol killed Father Simon, no doubt of it!

OTHERS. No doubt, no doubt!

PUJOL. (*turning towards them*) Wretches!

JEANNE *appears up ascent, R.*

BAUD. Pierre Pujol, in the name of the law, I arrest you.

JEAN. (*hurrying to PUJOL*) - Arrested—you, father? for what? (PUJOL *points to SIMON's body*) Ah! horror, horror!

PUJOL. (*despairingly*) And I was alone! alone! (*seeing MARCEL*) No, he, like myself, was witness of——

JEAN. (*hurrying over to CLAUDE*) Speak, Claude. Oh for one spark of intelligence—my father, see, he is accused——

PUJOL. Speak, Claude, you know that I am innocent—you can save me——

JEAN. Claude, strive to remember—in the name of heaven, speak, I implore you, speak——(CLAUDE *for a moment excited and astonished—then looks vacantly from one to the other of them, and laughs*)

CLAUDE. (*singing*) Oh, ho! what beautiful girls

Around me do see,

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

(*goes over to L.*)

PUJOL. He remembers nothing, nothing—I am lost!

JEAN. (*casting herself into his arms*) Oh! father!

BAUD. March! (GENDARMES *advance and place themselves near PUJOL*)

CLAUDE. (*looking about perceives a piece of paper which he*

picks up—it is the wadding of the gun which killed SIMON) Ah! letters! figures! (laughs and runs into excavation, sits down, opens paper which is partly burned, and points to it earnestly with his finger as if trying to learn—four PEASANTS have raised SIMON's body—PEASANTS are grouped, as GENDARMES, conducted by BAUDRIER, are leading PUJOL, to whom JEANNE is clinging, up the mountain, R.—PEASANTS with SIMON's body are centre, as if about to follow—GENDARMES, &c., pause on the descent—Tableau.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Tarbes.—A square planted with trees (2nd grooves) steps, and entrance to court house, R.*

Enter JEANNE, R. 1 E.—Music.

JEANNE. Oh! Yes, my father will be acquitted. Heaven is just—will enlighten the heart of his judges! They will not suffer me to be with him on this terrible occasion—have forbidden me access to his dungeon—a month has elapsed since his arrest, and but twice have I been permitted to behold and console him. Oh! cruel—that would not suffer a daughter to mingle her tears with those of her unhappy father! But to-day—in a few moments—sentence will be pronounced—his fate decided. (*pointing to court house*) I dare not enter there. Oh, heaven!—should he be condemned! (*covering her face with her hands*)

Enter CAUSSADE, L. 1 E.

CAUS. Almost ten o'clock! The Court will be assembled—cursed chance that has caused me to mingle in this affair! (*going up behind JEANNE, towards court house*).

JEAN. (*looking up, and seeing him as he passes her*) Monsieur Caussade! (*aside*) One of those on whom depend the honour, the life of my father.

CAUS. (*his foot on lowest step of court house—aside*) Well, 'tis the last time—presently my torture will have ended. (*commencing to ascend steps*)

JEAN. (*aside*) Oh—if I dared! (*turning towards CAUSSADE*) Monsieur Caussade!

CAUS. (*stopping*) Well! (*turning and recognizing JEANNE—*

aside) She!—the daughter of—— (*roughly*) I am staid for—— What would you with me? My duty forbids me to yield to any influence——

JEAN. (*entreatingly—going to him and taking his arm*) It does not forbid you to hear the truth. (*he suffers himself to be led forward*) Oh, sir! You are one of the jury—have great power—your single voice, it may be, will suffice to condemn, or to absolve.

CAUS. (*R., greatly agitated*) The responsibility was thrust upon me. I would have avoided it—fearing lest, involuntarily, I might obey a personal motive, and——

JEAN. (*L.*) Appearances accuse my father, I confess it—a fatality overwhelms him—he can neither explain the fearful facts, nor designate the truly guilty. (*CAUSSADE starts*) But he is innocent—before heaven, I swear it!

CAUS. (*seeking to escape her*) Leave me—leave me!

JEAN. (*clinging to him*) No, no—you will have pity on my tears—on my despair. You believe that I am striving to draw your son from the obedience which he owes you—that it is my desire, my ambition, to become his wife. Well, be indulgent to my father—let him be absolved from this terrible accusation—restore him to the daughter that loves him, and I will never more behold your son—will, if you exact it, for ever quit the kingdom. Whate'er your wishes, your commands I will obey, so that my father be but saved—I swear it!

CAUS. (*breaking from her*) Enough! I shall obey the dictates of my conscience. *Exit hastily into court house, R.*

JEAN. Gone! Without a word of hope—without one look of pity! Oh—heaven! (*weeps*)

Enter PAUL, L. 2 E.—sees JEANNE, and hurries to her.

PAUL. Jeanne! Ah!—my heart told me that I should find you here! But you weep—surely your father——

JEAN. No, no—sentence is not yet pronounced; but I—I tremble——

PAUL. Oh! then be calm—he will be acquitted. Appearances are certainly against him, but there is no palpable proof, no certain evidence—and his long and honest life will plead for him with the conscience of his judges.

Enter ANDOCHE, from court house, R.

ANDOCHE. Oh! Isn't it hot there?

JEAN. Ah! (*seeing him*) Well?

ANDOCHE. Not settled yet—the judges have retired to deliberate.

JEAN. Oh! If, at this terrible moment, I could be near my father!

PAUL. Impossible ! Until the trial is ended, you will not be suffered to approach him.

JEAN. But I must be there when the verdict is pronounced, that I may share his joy, or participate in his despair.

PAUL. Come then, Jeanne, I will conduct you ; and may heaven protect your father. *Music.—Exeunt into court house, R.*

ANDOCHE. (L.) What an awful business here—and no business at the post house. The horses have now nothing to do, and they seem to like to do it—the unfeeling brutes !

Enter CASTALOU, from court house.

CASTA. While they are thinking about the verdict—though of course they will find him guilty, for he *is* guilty—I must have something to drink—what say you ? (*to ANDOCHE*)

ANDOCHE. No—sorrow is very dry, but I am not thirsty.

Enter ROUSSEL, L. 2 E.—pack on his shoulder.

ROUS. Well, here I am, you see.

CASTA. (R.) Returned already, Master Prohibited ?

ROUS. Yes—got over my work quickly this time. But what are you doing here at Tarbes ?

ANDOCHE. Haven't you heard what has happened since you have been away ?

ROUS. What do you mean ?

ANDOCHE. Why, Father Simon—

CLAUDE. (*appearing on steps of court house*) Father Simon ! he never stirred a bit ! (*laughing as he descends*) He, he, he !

ROUS. (L. C.) What's that idiot doing there ?

CLAUDE. (C.) They all looked at me, and talked so droll—he, he, he !—all black—crows—they said I was a witness—I was a witness—what's a witness ?—he, he, he !

ROUS. What is he talking about ?

CASTA. (*laughing*) Tell him all about it, idiot.

CLAUDE. Letters—figures—I know—

(*singing*) And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

ROUS. You were speaking of Father Simon—has anything happened to him ?

CLAUDE. Simon ? Oh, yes—I know—I remember—on the mountain—the Devil's Peak—he stumped and stumped (*imitating SIMON'S walk*) with his stick. I—I was asleep, and I was cold—all at once (*as if putting a gun to his shoulder*) bang !

ROUS. A gun-shot !

CLAUDE. (*laughing*) Down he goes ! down he goes ! ha, ha, ha !

ROUS. Who ?

CLAUDE. Daddy Simon.

ROUS. Simon ?

CLAUDE. Red water—bell—I pulled it—ding dong—ding dong—and then, and then——

ROUS. Well, what?

CLAUDE. There, on the ground—ah!

ROUS. How—is Simon really dead?

CLAUDE. Dead, eh?—fast asleep—he, he! (*drawing a piece of bread from his bag*) Bread, to eat—hungry—bread!

Retires, L., eating.

CASTA. It's true that he tells you. Simon is dead, and Pierre Pujol will presently receive sentence as his murderer.

ROUS. His murderer—Pierre Pujol?

ANDOCHE. He didn't do it—and if there is any justice to be had——

CASTA. Hush! the trial is over!

Music.—PEASANTS, male and female, enter down steps, R., conversing animatedly, and crowd together, L.—PAUL enters hastily, followed by BAUDRIER—ROUSSEL retires a little, L.

PAUL. (*on steps*) Acquitted! (*coming down, c.*) he is acquitted!

CASTA. (L.) Nonsense!

ANDOCHE. (L.) Acquitted! hurrah! (*jumping about*) Somebody be good enough to treat me, and I'll get so jolly drunk to-night!

PAUL. Yes, acquitted! see, here he comes, and free!

ANDOCHE. I knew very well he didn't do it!

JEANNE and PUJOL enter from court house.

JEANNE. Dear father, you are saved—oh, how happy I am!

PUJOL. (L., *embracing her*) Restored to you, my dear child—and you, good friends, I am permitted to see you once again. I thank heaven that has preserved me innocent from dishonour and from infamy—congratulate me, my friends! (*extending his hands to PEASANTS, who turn from him*)

JEANNE. (C.) Oh, heaven!

PAUL. (R.) What does this mean?

PUJOL. You refuse my hand?

MARI. (R. of PAUL) He is acquitted!

BAUD. (R. of MARIETTE, *aside*) Yes, by one voice—cannons and cartridges!

CASTA. (L.) By the jury, but not by us.

JEAN. (*going over to the PEASANTS*) Oh, it is not possible that you believe him guilty?

CASTA. We are not the jury.

ANDOCHE. (L. of CASTALOU) More likely to be the criminals.

JEAN. (*returning to her former position*) Oh, we are shunned by all.

MARI. (*embracing her*) Not by me, Jeanne—I love you now better than ever before.

JEAN. Good Mariette.

PAUL. (*advancing between JEANNE and PUJOL*) Old friend, take my hand, (*extending it*) it fears not to touch yours, which is that of an honest man.

PUJOL. (*gratefully taking his hand*) Monsieur Paul! (*all express astonishment*)

PAUL. (*crossing to PEASANTS*) How! you would condemn him whom his lawful judges have absolved? you still believe that he is guilty? I dare assert that he is fully, entirely innocent. (*murmurs*) Raise your head, Pujol. (*crossing to JEANNE*) Cease to weep, poor girl! for I, a soldier, whose integrity none can, or dare suspect—I will defend you—I place your honour under the safeguard of mine own.

MARI. (*aside to BAUDRIER*) Why haven't you his heart?

BAUD. Because I have got one of my own.

MARI. Silence!

BAUD. Yes, my susceptible!

PAUL. (*to PUJOL*) Before all, I say, I should be proud and happy to become of your family—to be allied to one whom, as a culprit, all reject. Pierre Pujol, will you accord to me your daughter's hand?—Jeanne, will you become my wife? (CAUSSADE *appears on steps of courthouse*)

ROUS. (*L. corner, aside*) His wife!

JEAN. (*greatly agitated*) Your wife! I! I!

PUJOL. You would confer on us so great an honour!

(CAUSSADE *advances quickly between JEANNE and PAUL*)

CAUS. How? would you dare?

OMNES. Monsieur Caussade.

CLAUDE MARCEL *re-enters*, L. 2 E., *eating his bread—goes slowly over and sits on steps of court house.*

PAUL. (*firmly*) Father, permit me to take counsel only of my heart.

CAUS. (*aside to JEANNE, taking her a little apart, R.*) Jeanne, the voice which saved your father was mine! remember your promise!

JEAN. (*to him*) I shall not forget it.

CAUS. I rely on that!

PAUL. Well, Jeanne, I await your answer.

JEAN. (*crossing to him*) Gratefully do I thank you for your generous offer, for the honour you would confer on me, but I—I cannot accept it.

PAUL. And wherefore?

JEAN. I would not you should share the contempt which now weighs us down; one day, perhaps, the truth will be

known—those who now despise will restore to us their esteem ; but, until then, I can belong to no one—I owe myself entirely to my father.

CAUS. (*with a smile of satisfaction*) Good! Goes off, L. 2 E.

ROUS. (*aside*) She refuses him! there is, then, still hope for me! (*aside*) As Simon is dead, I am off to the old elm!

Exit, L. 1 E.

JEAN. Adieu, Monsieur Paul!

PAUL. (*taking her hand*) I honour your motives, though I regret them, and still hold myself bound to you—adieu! and fear not, Jeanne, to invoke my aid, should you need a defender 'gainst the rabble that now would crush you. Hurries off, R.

MARI. Brave, noble fellow! and you—(*to BAUDRIER*)—you have not a word to say!

BAUD. Cannons and cartridges! I—

MARI. Silence, Placide!

BAUD. Yes, my indignant!

They go off, R.

JEAN. Come, my father, from this moment my task begins.

PUJOL. What is it that you mean?

JEAN. (*drawing him aside*) They have acquitted the innocent, but it remains to find the guilty. Your judges, father, have left you life, I will restore to you your honour!

Music—PEASANTS shrink away from JEANNE and PUJOL, leaving a lane for them to pass through—JEANNE and PUJOL go off, L. 2 E., followed at a little distance by PEASANTS talking to each other and murmuring.

CLAUDE. (*left alone, munching his bread*) Letters—figures! when I know them, then she'll marry me! (*jumping up and dancing*)

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

[*closed in by*

SCENE SECOND.—*Madame de Flanigneul's Chateau. Handsome Apartment. (1st grooves)*

Enter MADAME DE FLANIGNEUL and NOEMIE, R.

MAD. F. You will be happy, Noemie, for Paul Caussade is a brave and good young man.

NOEMIE. I do not doubt it, aunt.

MAD. F. My poor boy would have been about his age. Ah! my dear son! why did I confide you to a stranger's care? those who so lawlessly deprived me of you, would not have dared to snatch you from your mother's arms. A few months after that terrible event I became a widow, and then—

NOEMIE. Dear aunt, why will you recall these fatal remembrances?

Enter CLAUDE, L.

CLAUDE. They didn't beat me! they didn't beat me!

NOEMIE. 'Tis poor Claude! how gained he entrance?

CLAUDE. Would come—surly man—ugh, ugh! didn't beat me though—ha, ha, ha!

MAD. F. Claude is not to be denied when he would approach those who are generous to him.

CLAUDE. (*crossing to NOEMIE*) Money—give me money.

NOEMIE. (*giving him a piece of silver*) There, Claude.

CLAUDE. Money—nice money! buy letters—figures! then she'll marry me—ha, ha, ha! (*goes back to R.*)

MAD. F. Come, Noemie, Monsieur Caussade and his son will presently be here. *Exeunt, R.*

Enter JOSEPH, L., a newspaper in his hand.

JOSEPH. Madame—she is gone! then I must follow her, for she is always anxious for her newspapers.

CLAUDE. (*snatching it from his hand*) Paper—ha, ha, ha!

JOSEPH. (*trying to get it back*) Why, you wretched idiot!

CLAUDE. (*thrusting newspaper into his bag*) Letters, figures! then she'll marry me! (*laughs and dodges JOSEPH, then runs off followed by him, R.*)

Enter CAUSSADE, L.

CAUS. I wonder has Paul arrived? I must cajole or compel him to wed with Noemie, for she has a vast fortune, which soon should fall within my grasp; for this Jeanne—

Enter ROUSSEL, L.

ROUS. Servant, Monsieur Caussade!

CAUS. You here!

ROUS. Yes; I have followed you hither, not finding you at the forge, that I might have two minutes' private conversation with you.

CAUS. With me! What can you have to say to me? (*ROUSSEL looks around to assure himself that they are quite alone*) Why all this mystery? Explain, I command you.

ROUS. (R.) Well, then, I want to do a little trade with you. I have something that I wish to sell you, and which you, at whatever price you might purchase, would think a bargain.

CAUS. And for this you have dared to pursue and intrude upon me here, in the chateau of Madame de Flanigneul? Insolent! begone! I will purchase nothing of you. (*going, R.*)

ROUS. (*carelessly*) Um! not even Father Simon's autograph?

CAUS. (*stopping with a start*) Simon's autograph?

ROUS. Yes; it would seem that he was very fond of writing, for—

CAUS. Hush! not a word of that here.

ROUS. Very well, my customer !

CAUS. (*in a low voice*) Where shall I meet you again ?

ROUS. If you like, at your house.

CAUS. No ; I dare not have you seen at the forge.

ROUS. Well, then, say at my cottage, at ten o'clock this evening.

CAUS. Your hut is——

ROUS. In the forest of Reidac, a real smuggler's nest ; there will be no one to listen to us there.

CAUS. Expect me.

ROUS. I knew we should do a little business together.

CAUS. (*aside*) Oh ! curse him ! *Exit, R.*

Enter JEANNE, L., and stops, surprised.

ROUS. (*looking after CAUSSADE*) 'Tis my turn now to give myself grand airs.

JEAN. (*aside*) Roussel here, and in earnest conversation with Monsieur Caussade ; 'tis very strange !

ROUS. Simon said he shouldn't leave me any money, but he has—ha, ha ! he has ! (*turning to go, he sees JEANNE*) Jeanne !

JEAN. (*aside*) More than once I have suspected this man, yet——

ROUS. What brings you here, Jeanne ?

JEAN. (R.) Plunged into indigence by the frightful accusation which still clings to my poor father, I come to seek aid and courage from the only friends now left to us.

ROUS. Ah ! Madame de Flanigneul, and her neice ! and you arrive just in time to witness the signing of the contract of marriage between Monsieur Paul and Mademoiselle Noemie.

JEAN. Ah ! (*her hand on her heart*) Well, he is free ; he may if he so pleases, marry——

Enter CLAUDE, R.

CLAUDE. Marry ? (*to ROUSSEL*) You marry Jeanne ? (*taking him by the collar*)

ROUS. (L.) What does this idiot do here ?

JEAN. Faithful fellow ! he follows my every step !

CLAUDE. (*producing newspaper*) She's going to marry me—see ! letters, figures ! I know—look, look ! (*pointing with his finger*)

ROUS. That's a great O.

CLAUDE. Great O—oh ! I know ! I know !

ROUS. Yes ; and when you know all your letters, I will give you something ; go and read, learned pundit, go and read.

CLAUDE. Yes, to marry Jeanne. (*sits on ground, L.*) Great O—oh ! (*points and looks at paper*)

ROUS. Well, Jeanne, you see you can't have Paul ; but I

am still to let you know, and at your service, though you have said no so many times, you have only to say yes, now.

JEAN. Indeed!

ROUS. Not to mention that I am now in the way of being a good match.

JEAN. (*becoming attentive*) Really, and how is that?

ROUS. A lucky chance! there are sometimes secrets which are worth their weight in gold.

JEAN. I understand; you contemplate some wicked deed?

ROUS. Well, I'm sure! no, 'tis a simple bargain!

JEAN. A bargain which this evening you are about to conclude?

ROUS. Yes, this evening, at ten o'clock.

JEAN. Indeed! and where?

ROUS. Why, at my own residence, to be sure!

JEAN. (*aside*) At his hut! at ten o'clock!

ROUS. Ah! that causes you to reflect.

JEAN. Can you wonder? A fortune!—a marriage! (*aside*) What can be this secret? Oh! heaven! is it an indication you now send me?

ROUS. Well, come, Jeanne, you need not stay here, take my arm, and we will talk it over as we walk along.

(CLAUDE hurries forward, seizes ROUSSEL, and throws him violently round to R.)

CLAUDE. No, no—not you—me, me! (*seizes JEANNE'S arm, and puts it under his own*) Not marry you—no, no—(*shaking newspaper*)—"Letters—figures!"—*singing and dancing*)

Oh, ho! oh, hi! oh, ho!

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

Exit with JEANNE, L.

ROUS. Why, confound it! am I to be cut out by an idiot; here, stop, Jeanne! never looked so much like an idiot myself in all my life!

Runs off, L.

Enter PAUL and NOEMIE, R.

NOEMIE. And you really love Jeanne?

PAUL. From my infancy—and could I forget her, now that she has only me? Oh! I am certain, Mademoiselle Noemie, you would despise me.

NOEMIE. You are right, and I thank you for this confidence. You have acted loyally, nobly! and you have, too, rendered me very happy; but for this I had not dared to disobey my poor aunt's wishes, for she is already too greatly wretched. I would marry only where I love, and pardon me—

PAUL. (R. C.) But you will grant me your esteem?

NOEMIE. (L. C.) You have already acquired it; and do not fear your father's anger. I will manage all that—

PAUL. But, how?

NOEMI. (*putting her finger on her lip*) Hush!

Enter MADAME DE FLAVIGNEUL and CAUSSADE, R.

MAD. F. Come, my child, the notary is here, come and read the contract?

NOEMIE. (R. C.) 'Tis useless to read, aunt, for I shall not sign it.

CAUS. (L. C.) How?

MAD. F. What say you?

NOEMIE. That I have no wish to marry.

CAUS. That cannot be a serious resolution.

MAD. F. A girl's caprice.

NOEMIE. No, no, our dispositions do not agree—not in the slightest, do they, Monsieur Paul? In marriage there should be mutual sympathy, should there not? Well, we have not the smallest particle of sympathy for each other, have we, Monsieur Paul? You would not wish to render me unhappy! (*aside to PAUL*) Are you satisfied with me?

PAUL. (R.—*aside to her*) Oh! thanks, thanks!

CAUS. (*who has observed—aside*) They understood each other.

MAD. F. (*aside to NOEMIE*) Surely, you are mad!

NOEMIE. No, dear aunt, never had my wits more perfectly about me—(*aside to her*) as you will own when I have told you all—and you will not be angry with me, nor withdraw from me any portion of your dear love. (*embraces MADAME DE FLANIGNEUL, and crosses to L.*)

CAUS. (L. C.) Pardon me, mademoiselle, but in spite of what you have just said I must still hope——

NOEMIE. (L.) Indeed, monsieur, you need not—when I have once resolved, I am a very determined character. *Exit, R.*

MAD. F. (*crossing to L.*) Come, Monsieur Caussade, Noemie has some further communication to make to me, and, perhaps, then——

CAUS. (L. C.) I am at your service, madame. (*sternly to PAUL*) Remain! *Exeunt, R.*

PAUL. No, I shall not remain—affairs are now settled here, and——

JEANNE enters, L.

Jeanne! (*she shrinks*)

PAUL. Nay, do not shrink from me—you have heard of my proposed marriage, but the contract will not be signed, dear Jeanne. I am free! I am free!

CLAUDE enters, L.

JEANNE. You are free? Oh, I was strong to bear misfortune, but this joy o'erpowers me.

PAUL. And when your task is accomplished, you, and only you, Jeanne, shall be my wife—by my hope of heaven, I swear it! (*embraces and hurries off with her, L.*)

CLAUDE. (*advancing*) Ah! ah! Jeanne! Jeanne!—he—embraced—(*with rage*) Ah! fire—here! (*putting his hand on his breast*) cry—cry! (*begins to cry*) ah, ah!—I like that—I like that!

JOSEPH *enters, L., followed by two DOMESTICS, who are carrying books.*

JOSEPH. What is the matter with the idiot now? (*to SERVANTS*) Away with those books to madame's library.

CLAUDE. (*looking up*) Books? ah!—letters—figures! (*runs and snatches books from men, and crams them into his bag*) to marry me—to marry me!

JOSEPH. Seize him—take them away! (*they seize CLAUDE—he hurls them away—the two men fall*)

CLAUDE. (*singing and dancing*) Oh, ho! oh, ho! oh, ho!

And they're all as pretty

As pretty can be.

Exit, L.

JOSEPH and the SERVANTS *gather themselves up and pursue him.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Outskirts of Tarbes—(1st grooves).*

Enter BAUDRIER and MARIETTE, L.

MARI. And you dared to say that you believed poor Pierre Pujol guilty?

BAUD. Cannons and cartridges—I never spoke!

MARI. (R. C.) Silence, Placide!

BAUD. (C.) Yes, my seraphic.

MARI. You saw what my opinion was—and it was your duty to have agreed with me. You should have spoken up like a man. Now, come, brigadier, (*crossing her arms*) let me hear what you have to say in your defence—speak boldly.

BAUD. (*preparing himself*) I shall not make use of many words—

MARI. Silence!

BAUD. Yes, my ecstatic.

MARI. On second thoughts, as I have already tried and condemned you, 'tis not worth while hearing your defence.

Enter ANDOCHE and CASTALOU, L.

ANDOCHE. It's a great shame to behave so to an innocent man.

CASTA. Innocent! ha, ha, ha!

ANDOCHE. (L. C.) He's as innocent of wickedness as I am, and that's saying a great deal.

MARI. (*crossing to ANDOCHE*) You are little better than a fool.

ANDOCHE. Yes, I know that.

MARI. But you have a heart—while some——

CASTA. (L.) Meaning me.

BAUD. (R. C.) And me—cannons and cartridges!

MARI. (C., to BAUDRIER) I have told you, Placide, I will not allow such dreadful language.

CASTA. Wasn't Pierre Pujol found near Simon's body?

MARI. And what does that prove?

ANDOCHE. Ah—what does that prove?

BAUD. Why, it proves he was there, doesn't it?

MARI. Silence, Placide!

BAUD. Yes, my emphatic.

CASTA. And Pujol's gun was found in the bushes—they didn't get over that.

MARI. (*hesitating*) His gun—oh! ah!

ANDOCHE. (*hesitating*) His gun—ah! oh!

CASTA. That was a proof, wasn't it?

MARI. Somebody might have put it there.

ANDOCHE. To be sure—or perhaps Pujol might have left the gun there, and it shot Simon of its own accord?

MARI. Didn't Jeanne tell the judge that she had seen a man——

ANDOCHE. That ran away, and——

CASTA. Yes, she said so; but she couldn't tell what he was like.

MARI. No, because it was dark.

ANDOCHE. Yes, quite dark.

BAUD. If it was dark, of course that throws a light on the matter.

MARI. Silence, Placide.

BAUD. Yes, my aristocratic.

CASTA. But she didn't see that man with the gun.

MARI. Because he wore a cloak.

ANDOCHE. Yes, a great large—a—a cloak.

CASTA. A rigmarole, just to try and save her father.

ANDOCHE. But how about the wadding of the gun?

CASTA. The wadding?

MARI. Yes—that was picked up by Claude Marcel.

CASTA. (*laughing*) The idiot—he was a good witness—made everybody laugh.

BAUD. (*sententiously*) The fact is, idiots being generally devoid of sense—— (MARIETTE looks at him—he slinks away)

MARI. Yes, but that paper, half burnt away, found in Claude's possession, was proved to have belonged to an account book—a ready reckoner—and the numbers of the pages were there, seven and eight.

CASTA. Well, what of that?

MARI. Why, with all their search, they could not find such a book in Pierre Pujol's house.

ANDOCHE. I never saw such a book there.

CASTA. Pooh!—a loose sheet of some book, that, perhaps, had been wrapped round something that he had bought.

BAUD. Or left, perhaps, by some customer that——

MARI. Si—— (*he retreats*) Nothing shall persuade me that he is guilty; and when I think of poor Jeanne—— (*wiping her eyes*)

ANDOCHE. (*wiping his eyes*) And when I think what a good place I have lost——

MARI. (*crying more*) Such a dear, good girl—my heart runs over at my eyes, and I——

BAUD. (*snivelling*) Don't. (*advancing to her*) Your tears, to me, are catching—like the measles; and if you cry——

MARI. (*turning fiercely on him*) Silence!

BAUD. (*retreating*) Yes, my sympathetic.

CASTA. Pierre Pujol is guilty, and the sooner he takes himself from these parts the better for him. *Exit, L.*

ANDOCHE. And the sooner such an unbelieving vagabond as you goes and hangs himself the better for everybody. *Exit, L.*

MARI. (*looking off, L.*) That Castalou is the most——

BAUD. (*timidly approaching her*) Hem! You are aware, Mariette, that this evening was appointed for our wedding morning, and——

MARI. (*turning towards him*) Si—— (*checking herself*) Oh! Ah! Yes, you are quite right, Placide; and though you are quite unworthy the honor, I suppose——

BAUD. (*joyfully*) Oh! Cannons and cartridges!

MARI. Ah! that horrid oath! If I am to marry you, you must swear that you will never swear any more.

BAUD. Certainly—I'll swear as much as you like!

MARI. What?

BAUD. No, no, I——

MARI. Silence, Placide!

BAUD. Yes, my rheumatick.

MARI. (*screaming*) Ah! rheumatick! Me? Why, you——

BAUD. No, no, I meant to say——

MARI. Silence!

BAUD. Yes, my—— (*she pushes him off, R.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Smuggler's Nest, R. Portion of a thick forest, L., the entrance is along a narrow path from L. U. E., over a rude hand-bridge, C., and a high winding path off R. 2 E.; there is a deep chasm, C., which surrounds a high and nearly perpendicular rock, L., on which is built Roussel's hut of wood and straw, perched on the mountain and built out; the mountain seen above the roof; door and small window at side of hut looking towards R., the window a little elevated; branches of trees grow above the roof and bend down over the window of*

the hut, C.—a slender plank bridge connects the cottage-rock with the path, R. 2 E.—night—heavy storm clouds drifting rapidly at intervals during the scene obscure the moon, which at other times shines brightly, its beams falling on the hut and leaving the forest in dark shadow—table and two stools in hut—quite dark as scene opens—wind and rain—a flash of lightning and distant thunder.

ROUSSEL *discovered in hut lighting a candle.*

ROUS. The storm is over, I fancy, just as I have got home. I must have a bit of fire to dry my clothes and warm myself. (*sets fire to some branches which are in the grate, L., and which, throughout the scene are supposed to light the hut, the candle being quite insufficient for that purpose—clouds now rapidly drift, leaving the full moon bright and clear—the wind howls and whistles*) As I thought, the storm is gone. (*sits at table*) And Jeanne to refuse me; oh! but I have not done with her yet—and if ever I get an opportunity—(*village clock is heard to strike in the distance*) Ten o'clock—'tis time my customer were here—I may as well have a pipe—(*lights a short pipe and smokes*)—the storm will not have stayed him; he will have been more afraid of my words than the rough weather.

Music—CAUSSADE *emerges from the wood, L. U. E., he is disguised as a workman at the forge—a large hat drawn down and partly concealing his face.*

CAUS. I cannot be mistaken, that must be his hut. (*music—goes cautiously over and knocks at door*)

ROUS. (*rising quickly*) It is he! (*opens door, then draws back*) Hulloo! who are you? what do you want?

CAUS. Fear nothing—it is I! (*he enters*)

ROUS. Monsieur Caussade! devil take me if I should have known you! (*closes door*)

CAUS. I might have been seen coming to you—and it would have seemed strange that Jacques Caussade, the rich forger-master, should visit Roussel, the smuggler.

ROUS.—Pedlar, if you please—respect my feelings.

CAUS. Whilst for a workman to cross the forest—

ROUS. Ah! you are up to a trick or two.

CAUS. (*sitting L. of table, near fire*) And now, the paper which you have to sell me—where is it?

ROUS. I will soon find it for you. (*goes to end, opens his pack which is lying at back*)

Music—JEANNE *enters from the wood, L. U. E.*

JEAN. It is there! (*she steps cautiously over to the hut, and endeavours to see through the cracks of the door*) There is a light—the pedlar is, then, within.

CAUS. (*impatiently*) Well?

ROUS. (*returning with the paper and giving it to CAUSSADE*) There it is at last. (*sits R. of table*)

JEAN. (*aside*) He is not alone. (CAUSSADE *has taken the paper, he opens it and starts*)

ROUS. (*while CAUSSADE reads*) And long since, at Pujol's tavern, you made me relate the idiot's history. Oh, you comical rascal!

JEAN. (*looking through the door*) Yes, yes, I am not mistaken, there is some one with him—a workman—he reads a paper——

ROUS. Well, what say you to that.

JEAN. (*aside*) Impossible to distinguish his features.

ROUS. Confess, now, that I was no idle boaster, and that this writing is worth a hundred times its weight in gold.

CAUS. (*who has appeared to reflect*) You are mistaken—(*placing paper on the fire*)—it is worth nothing!

JEAN. (*aside*) What does he? (ROUSSEL *remains quietly seated and smoking, carelessly looking at the paper as it burns*)

CAUS. (*with an air of triumph*) Now, Monsieur Roussel, what say you now?

ROUS. Why, that, if I had wanted any proof you were an infernal scoundrel, you have just given it to me—and at the same time, have given yourself a little useless trouble.

CAUS. What mean you?

ROUS. That the paper you have just cast into the fire was but a simple copy—the original still is mine! To believe that I would trust to your honour? Why, you must think I am as great a fool as you are a rogue!

CAUS. (*rising, drawing a large knife from his pocket and opening it*) Wretch!

ROUS. (*drawing a pistol from his pocket*) There! there! (*quietly turning muzzle of pistol towards CAUSSADE*) take it easy—it's not worth while to put yourself out of the way about it!

CAUS. (*quietly and savagely*) That original, I must have it—I will—where is it?

ROUS. (*coolly*) With Monsieur Ferréul, at Tarbes—whom I do the honour to employ as my solicitor—beneath a thrice-sealed envelope, and labelled—"Jean Isidore Roussel's last Will and Testament." If I were to die, it would be opened—so give over your games, and put away that knife—be content that you are a rogue, and don't make a fool of yourself.

CAUS. (*closing knife, and returning it to his pocket*) Well, I must then negotiate with you for——

ROUS. (*returning pistol to his pocket*) 'Tis your only plan—you see your knife won't cut out any other way for you.

JEAN. Ah! that window—if I could but reach it—yet the ravine—no matter, I will still endeavour. (*seizing with her hands one of the branches which grow down over the window, and placing*

her feet in the inequalities of the wall of the hut, she reaches to a level with the window, but not till after some time, and great difficulty—meanwhile the dialogue in the hut continues)

CAUS. (*again sitting*) Well, name your price?

ROUS. The sum which I have always been ambitious to attain in order that I might retire from business, to live quietly like an honest citizen, and cultivate my own vegetables.

CAUS. And that sum?

ROUS. Twenty thousand francs.

CAUS. You shall have them—come to-morrow to my house.

ROUS. Oh, dear no, thank you—"Will you walk into my parlour said the spider to the fly?"—not precisely.

CAUS. Well, where then.

(*JEANNE has reached the window—the wind again rages—clouds drift rapidly, and soon the moon is totally obscured*)

ROUS. Two days hence, Saturday, is market day at 'Tarbes—I shall be there—and in the open street, with gendarmes on the spot, we will conclude the bargain—you can approach me as if to purchase some of my wares—I pass you the paper, you hand me the money—the business is settled, and nobody a bit the wiser.

CAUS. (*rising*) Agreed.

JEAN. (*at the window*) The howling of the wind will not let me hear their words.

ROUS. (*who is lighting a lanthorn*) I will light you into the forest, for I should not like you to break your neck till I have done with you.

CAUS. (*ironically*) You are very considerate!

JEAN. Heavens! they are about to leave the hut—they will see me! (*about to descend, the branch to which she is clinging breaks with a slight crash, and with a stifled cry she disappears, falling into the ravine.—Music.*)

CAUS. (*with fear*) What noise was that?

ROUS. (*lighted lanthorn in his hand*) Some branch of a tree broken by the wind.

CAUS. If we have been heard!

ROUS. (*opening the door and looking without*) No—there is no one. Look and satisfy yourself—come on.

(*Music.—ROUSSEL lights CAUSSADE across the narrow path and they disappear together in the forest, L. U. E.—then JEANNE is seen slowly and painfully climbing up from the ravine—her strength appears exhausted, and her forehead is torn and bleeding*)

JEAN. (*resting near the top*) Thank heaven, they are gone! If they had seen me, I had been lost! (*resumes, and reaches the top*) Who was that man? What interest brought him here? I could not see his features—could seize but few words of their

conversation; but a presentiment tells me that I am at length on the right track to unravel the secret I am seeking. A voice whispers to me that I now hold the thread which will conduct me to a discovery of the truth; and shall I suffer it to escape me? No. I will devote myself to the end. (*the glimmer of the lanthorn is seen amongst the trees*) Ah! Roussel returns! (*dashing into hut*) Well, my courage shall not falter!

ROUSSEL *re-appears from the forest*, L. U. E.

ROUS. (*speaking as he crosses the narrow path*) I think that this night I have proved myself a man of overwhelming talent! No affair could possibly be more skilfully conducted! (*enters the hut and is perfectly stupified on beholding JEANNE*) You here—*you?*

JEAN. (*affecting to smile*) What more simple? I was compelled to cross the wood in order to reach my father's house—the storm terrified me, and——

ROUS. (*ironically*) You are nervous!

JEAN. And finding myself near your dwelling, I thought you would not refuse me a few moments shelter.

ROUS. (*pointing to her forehead*) But you are wounded!

JEAN. I? (*carrying her hand to her forehead*) Oh! a mere scratch—passing through some bushes. (*wiping blood away with her handkerchief*) You see, 'tis nothing!

ROUS. Come then, sit down, Jeanne. (*she sits L. of table*) We will have a glass of wine together, and presently some supper. (*going to cupboard*) Ah! Jeanne, if you were my wife——

JEAN. We will talk of all that. (*aside*) Yes, I will let him drink, for then——

ROUS. (*placing wine and glasses on table, and sitting*) There, a drop of the choicest Spanish wine!

JEAN. (*laughing*) Which never paid duty, I'll be sworn?

ROUS. Right—you needn't be afraid to take your solemn oath of that! Good health. (*drinks*) Did you drink?

JEAN. Oh, yes!

ROUS. Oh! your good health, Jeanne. (*drinks*)

JEAN. Thank you, Monsieur Roussel!

ROUS. (*filling and drinking*) And here's to our speedy marriage!

JEAN. Oh, that is another matter!

ROUS. Another matter? Why—did you drink?

JEAN. Yes, yes!

ROUS. That's right, don't be afraid of it—a bucket of it wouldn't hurt you. Oh! Jeanne, those beautiful eyes of yours! (*filling and drinking*) Here's to your beautiful eyes, Jeanne.

JEAN. Nay, Monsieur Roussel.

ROUS. Did you drink? (*she nods*) Good! and why won't

you marry me? (*growing unsteady*) A man might be uglier than I am, and yet far from bad-looking—I flatter myself!

JEAN. If I were to marry, I should expect to be freely trusted by my husband—that he would hold no secrets from me.

ROUS. Quite proper!

JEAN. Well, awhile since you spoke of an affair——

ROUS. Which was to make me rich—yes!

JEAN. And what is that affair?

ROUS. Ah! Jeanne, you mustn't try to poke your nose too far into my secrets—and what a pretty little nose it is! (*drinking*) Here's good health to your nose, Jeanne!

JEAN. You see—you will not answer me!

ROUS. If you were my wife, perhaps; but at present—(*shaking his head*) did you drink?

JEAN. Oh, yes! (*filling ROUSSEL's glass*) Then no doubt it was this fine affair which brought hither the man with whom I saw you enter the forest as I arrived?

ROUS. You saw? That's droll—I did not see you!

JEAN. (*rather confused*) No, I—I came the other way—down the narrow path from the mountain.

ROUS. Oh! that accounts for it. Yes, he came about that business.

JEAN. And who is he? What is his name?

ROUS. (*shaking his head knowingly at her as he raises his glass*) His name—ah! his name is—good health, Jeanne! (*drinks*) You want to make me cackle, but it won't do—there's enough in it to send a man before the judges!

JEAN. Ah! it is then a crime that——?

ROUS. (*hesitates a moment, then fills his glass*) Enough said—let us drink! (*drinks*)

JEAN. (*aside—disappointedly*) He will not speak!

A shout heard, and CASTALOU and two or three PEASANTS appear from forest, L. U. E.

JEAN. (*listening*) Hark! what was that?

ROUS. What?

CASTA. Yes, yes, the pedlar has always full bottles! (*shouting*) Hulloo! Prohibited!

THE OTHERS. (*shouting*) Prohibited!

JEAN. (*starting up*) For mercy's sake, do not answer!

CASTA. (*crossing the second bridge*) He must be at home, for there is a light there.

THE OTHERS. (*remaining, R.*) Prohibited!

CASTA. (*who has peeped through the keyhole*) Yes, and there is a petticoat with him! (*PEASANTS laugh*) Hi! Pedlar! give my love to the young woman you have with you! (*PEASANTS laugh*)

JEAN. (*aside*) Oh! this shame!

CASTA. (*again looking through keyhole*) Well, I never!

PEASANTS. What's the matter?

CASTA. (*returning to PEASANTS—in a low tone*) 'Tis Jeanne Pujol!

PEASANTS. (*in a low tone*) Jeanne Pujol!

CASTA. Here's something to talk about—of course he won't open the door to us! (*shouting*) Good night, Prohibited!

PEASANTS. (*laughing*) Good night!

Music—they re-cross the bridge and disappear in the forest,
R. 2 E.

JEAN. They are gone!

ROUS. Yes, (*rising*) and now, my beautiful Jeanne, you are in my power. (*she hurries toward door—he grasps her*) You shall not go—you have been laying a trap for me.

JEAN. A trap!

ROUS. As he did who was here just now, when he wanted to entice me to—to the forge

JEAN. (*aside*) The forge!

ROUS. But I shall tell you nothing about it till you are my wife—and here I'll keep you (*holding her*) till you have sworn to be mine.

JEAN. Mercy! release me! release me!

ROUS. You shall remain with me—ha, ha! You shall be glad to marry me!

JEAN. (*struggling*) Oh! help, help! (*she breaks from him and reaches the small bridge, when he seizes and drags her back, she still crying for "Help"*)

ROUS. Your cries are vain—and even if you are heard, they shall not save you. Now let them help you if they can. (*he dashes down the plank bridge, which falls into the abyss, the hand-rope still hanging from the rock, L. C.*) Now then, my dainty Jeanne, let us see if you are too good a mate for the Smuggler's Nest. (*he drags her into the cottage, she still resisting*)

CLAUDE. (*appearing suddenly from the ravine, and climbing up by the rope of the bridge*) Jeanne! Jeanne's voice! (*the struggle continues in the hut—JEANNE screaming for help—CLAUDE reaches the rock, and dashes himself against door of hut, which, with a crash, is burst open*) Letters, figures—ha, ha, ha! (*he seizes ROUSSEL, and dashes him to the ground—JEANNE rushes from the hut to the narrow pathway*)

JEAN. I am saved! saved! (*falls on her knees—clouds drift and reveal the moon*)

CLAUDE. (*his foot on ROUSSEL's breast*) My wife!—mine!—not yours—my wife! ha, ha, ha!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

[If preferred, the hand-rope might remain after the fall of the footway, and Claude reach the hut by clinging to the rope, and passing, hand over hand, along it.]

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Entrance to Caussade's Forge (1st grooves)—an opening, L. C., through which the glare of the furnaces is seen—noise of hammers on anvils heard, but only through two or three speeches.*

Enter MARIETTE and ANDOCHE, L.

MARI. That's settled; I have resigned my situation here—I am no longer time keeper. Somebody else must look after the men; for now I am married I shall have enough to do to look after the brigadier! Andoche——

ANDOCHE. Yes, and what would you please to order?

MARI. (C.) Eh?

ANDOCHE. (L. C.) Oh, la! I was dreaming that I was still a waiter with poor Pierre Pujol!

MARI. Stupid fellow!

ANDOCHE. Yes, for he doesn't want a waiter; for now he never has a customer—oh, dear!

MARI. Now that I am married it is necessary I should take care of myself, so as the brigadier was engaged and could not come with me——

ANDOCHE. But he said he would follow.

MARI. And so he will; for if he did not—but as he could not you, were good enough to accompany me, and——

ANDOCHE. I wouldn't if I had anything else to do, for I don't suppose you will give me much.

MARI. Impudent fellow!

ANDOCHE. There's no encouragement for a sensible young man; but that idiot, Claude, gets plenty of money. I wish I was an idiot!

MARI. You are, Andoche—you are!

ANDOCHE. Yes, but I mean a thorough idiot—like the other. He is a fool—always poring over a book; why he is as old as I am and he doesn't know how to read!

MARI. Then you?

ANDOCHE. ((*simply*)) Oh! I don't know how to read either, for that matter.

Enter CASTALOU, R.

MARI. (C.) Castalou, what brings you to the forge?

CASTA. (R.) Why, haven't I a brother working at it? And besides—oh! I forgot; I must congratulate you I suppose. So you are married, eh, Mariette? I pity the poor brigadier.

MARI. Envy him you mean!

ANDOCHE. (L.) I shouldn't think he did!

MARI. What, sir?

CASTA. But tell me, Mariette, is it true that Monsieur Paul has refused to marry the young lady at the chateau?

MARI. He remains faithful to poor Jeanne.

Enter PAUL, L.

CASTA. Then more fool he, for she has a lover that suits her better.

PAUL. (*advancing, C., next to CASTALOU*) Lying scoundrel!

ANDOCHE. (*L. aside to MARIETTE*) Now he'll catch it!

MARI. (*L. C., to ANDOCHE*) And serve him right, the slanderous villain!

PAUL. (*C.*) Instantly retract those words—those calumnies, or——

CASTA. If I had known you were there, I should have held my tongue—but I have spoken only the truth, for last night, about halfpast ten, passing through the wood, I saw Jeanne Pujol in Roussell's hut, and they were taking their wine together, quite cosy.

ANDOCHE. With Prohibited——

MARI. It isn't possible!

ANDOCHE. *You* have been drinking, my good man!

CASTA. I can bring witnesses, besides myself, who saw her.

Enter JEANNE, R.

OMNES. Jeanne!

JEAN. (*aside*) Paul! (*crossing to him*) Pardon me, I would speak with Monsieur Caussade.

PAUL. Jeanne—forgive me what I am about to say, but an odious suspicion hovers around you; and for your own happiness it is necessary that you should, on the instant, justify yourself against their foul expressions.

JEAN. (*R. C., not understanding*) Justify myself!

PAUL. (*C.*) It is not true that you were, last night, in the hut of Roussel the pedlar?

JEAN. (*aside*) Heavens! he knows!

PAUL. Speak, Jeanne, say boldly that it is false!

JEAN. No! (*with effort*) It—it is true. (*all start*)

PAUL. And that man it is asserted, is your lover?

JEAN. (*indignantly*) My lover!

PAUL. Oh! then justify yourself, I entreat you; why were you at Roussel's hut; what motive led you thither? speak! oh, speak!

JEAN. (*after a struggle to subdue her emotion*) I cannot, must not answer that.

Enter CAUSSADE, L.

CAUS. What is this? (*MARIETTE, CASTALOU, and ANDOCHE go up a little*) Jeanne, you here! what audacity! what would you? (*crossing to her*)

JEAN. (R. C. *aside*) I must not falter in my purpose. (*aloud*) Have pity on me, sir, for I am in the most frightful misery; I come to entreat that you will give me employment here, at the forge.

CAUS. (C.) No! begone instantly!

PAUL. (L. C.) Father! (*with emotion*) If—if 'tis on my account, you have no need to her send hence; you may suffer her to remain, for I no longer love her, and I—I give you leave to renew, on my behalf, your proposals for the hand of Made-moiselle Noemie.

CAUS. (*joyfully*) Ah!

JEAN. (*aside*) It needed only that he should abandon and despise me.

CAUS. Employment? umph! but there is nothing at the forge that—

MARI. (*coming forward* L.) Oh, yes! I have resigned my situation.

CAUS. Ah, true! I had forgotten that.

JEAN. (*joining her hands*) You consent?

CAUS. Well, yes!

JEAN. (*aside, joyfully*) Ah! so far I have succeeded.

PAUL. You were right, father; that woman is unworthy of me, and I will forget her.

CAUS. (*pressing his hand*) Good, Paul, good. (*they go off* L.)

(JEANNE goes over to L., looks after PAUL, then puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and weeps)

MARI. (L. C.) I don't believe it, though she has said it.

ANDOCHÉ. (R. of CASTALOU) I suppose you are happy now, you mischief-making warmint.

MARI. (L. of CASTALOU) You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

BOTH. (*groaning and grinning at him*) Ugh! ugh! *Exeunt*, R.

JEAN. (*drying her tears*) He believes me guilty! With what contempt he gazed upon me—and I dare not prove to him that I am innocent, for so should I destroy all hope of succeeding in the purpose which has brought me here to this forge. Oh, heaven have pity on me!

Enter CLAUDE, R.

CLAUDE. Jeanne, I saw you—never leave you—never!

JEAN. Poor Claude.

CLAUDE. (See! (*showing the account-book*) nice book—figures—all figures—to marry you!

JEAN. (*carelessly*) How came you by that book?

CLAUDE. Saw it—on the ground—here—at the forge—ha, ha, ha!—Claude take it up—keep it—want letters, figures—to marry you.

JEAN. That was very wrong, Claude.

CLAUDE. (*opening book, and counting the figures of the pages*) See—know figures—look, one, two, three, four, five, six, nine—six, nine!

JEAN. (*carelessly—not looking at the book*) No, Claude—six, seven.

CLAUDE. No, no! (*pettishly*) six, nine—look!

JEAN. (*glancing carelessly*) Ah, yes, you are right—two pages—a leaf, torn from the book.

CLAUDE. A leaf—paper! (*as if firing a gun*) bang! Simon—dead—seven, eight—wadding for gun—he, he, he!—seven, eight—he, he, he!—seven, eight!

JEAN. (*snatching the book from his hand*) Great heaven!

CLAUDE. (*still laughing*) Seven, eight—he, he, he!—seven, eight!

JEAN. Leave me, Claude—but go not far, for—

CLAUDE. Yes, I know—want to marry me—don't know letters—know figures—six, nine—he, he, he!—bang! seven, eight—he, he, he! *Exit, R.*

JEAN. Oh, heaven, render me not mad with hope and joy—page seven torn—and that page was—and the book, the account book for the men's time here at the forge! my suspicions, then, last night, were just? And that which Roussel in his intoxication told me—and the workmen that I saw in his hut—the assassin, then, of Simon is here! yes, here! at the forge! amongst the workmen! But how to discover him? to speak of this book would be to put the guilty wretch upon his guard—and so risk the loss of all that. Ah! (*with a sudden cry*) I know—I know.

CAUSSADE. (*entering, L.*) Jeanne, in the morning you will—

JEAN. Pardon me, sir, I am very grateful for the employment you have offered, but I cannot accept it; I must instantly quit this place.

CAUS. How is that?

JEAN. I have a duty to fulfil which calls me from hence.

WORKMEN *enter from forge, having ceased work, and go to R.*

MATHIAS. (R.) Your orders for to-morrow, sir.

CAUS. (L. C.) One moment. (*to JEANNE*) Of what duty do you speak?

JEAN. (C., *watching WORKMEN as she speaks*) My father has been acquitted; but suspicion still clings to him; and I—I have sworn to restore to him his honour, and for that I must discover and give to justice, the real assassin.

CAUS. (*who continues impassible*) And his name, do you know it?

JEAN. (*slowly*) Not yet; but I have this instant received information which will to-morrow, as I believe, reveal it to me.

CAUS. (L. C., *aside*) Roussel, perhaps.

JEAN. And it is that I may repair to Tarbes, to complete the task which on myself I have imposed, that I would now quit your house.

CAUS. It is a sacred duty you obey, and you are free to depart; but 'tis far to Tarbes, it grows late; remain then to-night at the forge, and at daybreak to-morrow—

JEAN. It is the favour I would have asked.

CAUS. Go, then. (*pointing to L.*—JEANNE *crosses*)

JEAN. I thank you, sir. (*aside*) If the guilty man be here, this night he will come to me. *Exit, L.*

MATT. You have not yet said if you have any instructions, sir?

CAUS. No, no, nothing—go! *Exeunt WORKMEN, R.*
That revelation of which she speaks—instant action alone can save me, for to-morrow I were lost—of what avail to recover that paper from Roussel, if this girl live to crush me—'tis but an added crime, another blow—and I will strike it. Depart at daybreak? meddling girl, the dawning of another day you are not fated to behold. *Exit, L.—music.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A chamber—(3rd grooves)—L. C. a window, opening on to court yard,—a couch placed obliquely, R. U. E.—door L. 2 E.—table, with lighted lamp on it, papers, &c., and chair.*

JEANNE *discovered seated at table, and directing a sealed packet—music.*

JEAN. "To the Criminal Tribunal of Tarbes! this packet contains the account-book and a letter which will fully explain all that I already know, and all that yet I hope to learn!"—and now should I fall in this endeavour to exculpate my father, it shall not be without a struggle that shall leave its indications on my destroyer, and cause him to be recognized as the assassin, too, of Simon. But it grows late—where is Claude? without his aid—and should he have forgotten—should he fail me?

CLAUDE. (*without—singing*) Oh, oh! what beautiful girls
Around we do see—

JEAN. Ah! (*hurrying to window and opening it*) he is here, in the court yard! (*calling softly*) Claude! Claude!

CLAUDE. (*finishing his song*) Oh, ho! oh, ho! oh, ho!
And they're all as pretty
As pretty can be!

JEAN. (*closing window*) He has understood me! but will he be able to accomplish the mission with which I am about to entrust him? Oh, heaven, inspire him with, at least, a brief intelligence! (*a gentle knock at the door*) he is here! (*music—she hurries to door and opens it*)

CLAUDE *runs on, laughing, L. door.*

JEAN. Dear, good Claude!

CLAUDE. And they're all as pretty
As pretty can be!

JEAN. Hush! we must not be heard.

CLAUDE. (*puts his hand on his mouth—then, in a half whisper*)
Won't speak—dumb! (*nodding*) Ah!

JEAN. Now, listen, to my words, and well fix them on your memory.

CLAUDE. Memory! (*touching his forehead*) Yes, here—I know—he, he, he!

JEAN. You know the road to Tarbes?

CLAUDE. Tarbes—ever so far—church—great houses!

JEAN. Yes—could you find your way there, now, in the dark night?

CLAUDE. Eh? (*thinks a moment, then nods decidedly*) Yes!

JEAN. Well, then, you must at once go thither.

CLAUDE. Yes. (*walks hastily towards door*)

JEAN. Stay—what are you going to do there?

CLAUDE. (*returning, L. C.*) I don't know.

JEAN. Listen then—this packet—

CLAUDE. (*touching it*) Book—letters—figures—to marry me!

JEAN. (*continuing*) You will convey to Tarbes, in your wallet, and you must guard it carefully, for my every hope on earth depends on it.

CLAUDE. Yes, I know—letters—figures—to marry me!

JEAN. It is for the President of the Tribunal.

CLAUDE. Great house—I know—man—all black—old crow—caw!

JEAN. You will not rest till you have found, and given that packet to him.

CLAUDE. I'll do it—I will—I will!

JEAN. Go, then! (*giving him packet*)

CLAUDE. (*concealing packet beneath his vest*) President—I know—letters—figures—to marry me! (*going*)

JEAN. (*calling him*) Claude!

CLAUDE. (*stopping*) Eh?

JEAN. (*aside*) It may be that I shall never see him more. (*aloud—going to him and embracing him*) Farewell, dear, faithful Claude!

CLAUDE. Ah! (*his face lights up with an expression of happiness and intelligence*) She embraced me—embraced me!

JEAN. Now away—lose not a moment!

CLAUDE. Yes, yes—Tarbes—tribunal—president—give him letter—no noise—no noise! (*Music—goes cautiously to door, opens it and looks out, then turns towards JEANNE*) To marry me—to marry me! *Exit, L.—JEANNE hurries up and closes door*

JEANNE. (*advancing and joining her hands*) And now, heaven,

to thee do I recommend my soul, and am prepared, if need be, to yield my life to remove the infamy now clinging to my father's name. Silence reigns around—all are sleeping here, except the guilty one, and he will presently come! (*extinguishes lamp—stage quite dark*) Now I am ready! (*listening*) Hark! Steps are approaching—he comes, he comes! (*Music—she lies down on couch—the door, L., slowly opens, and CAUSSADE advances with precaution—goes to couch—listens to JEANNE's breathing, who feigns to be asleep—then draws his knife, opens it, and raises his arm to strike—Music changes—JEANNE starts up, grasping his arm as it is descending*)

JEAN. (*shrieking*) Help! help! (*they struggle forward, and CAUSSADE has again raised his knife to strike her*)

Enter PAUL, hastily, L. door.

PAUL. Jeanne's voice! (*he hurries forward—CAUSSADE releases JEANNE, and shrinks towards R.—Music ceases*)

CAUS. (*aside—terrified*) Paul! he here!

JEAN. (L.) Save me—he would kill me!

PAUL. (C.—*intercepting* CAUSSADE, *who is about to fly, and grasping him by the throat*) Ah! you escape not, villain! (*calling*) Without there—ho!

JEAN. Ah! at last we shall know—the assassin of Simon!

PAUL. The assassin of Simon!

(*Music—CAUSSADE struggles desperately to escape, and presently, breaking from PAUL, hurries towards door, when he is met by a WORKMAN, bearing a light—lights up—CAUSSADE stops—JEANNE and PAUL start amazed*)

PAUL. Ah!

JEAN. His father! } (*tableau*)

Music—CLAUDE, struggling, is dragged on at door by MATTHIAS and other WORKMEN—CAUSSADE advances, R.

JEANNE. (*crossing to L. C.*) Claude!

MATT. (R. of CLAUDE) We found this idiot clambering over the wall, and we took from him this packet, (*showing it*) which, no doubt, he has stolen from the forge!

CLAUDE. (L., *struggling with MEN*) Mine! mine!

JEAN. Lost! all is lost!

MATT. 'Tis directed to the Tribunal of Tarbes—

CAUS. Ah! (*he snatches packet from MATTHIAS and goes R.*)

CLAUDE. (*struggling*) 'Tis mine—mine—letters! figures! to marry me! ha, ha, ha! (*he breaks from MEN and seizing CAUSSADE, wrests the packet from him—music*)

CLAUDE. Tarbes—Jeanne—tribunal—ha, ha, ha! (*fights his way through the MEN, who strive to intercept him—dashes open window and leaps out—his laugh heard till scene closes—JEANNE falls on one knee, her hands raised—WORKMEN rush up to window—CAUSSADE is fixed with terror—Tableau*)

SCENE THREE.—*Outskirts of Tarbes—(1st grooves).*

BAUDRIER *marches proudly on, L., followed by* MARIETTE.

MARI. How, you—leave me—and so recently married!

BAUD. It is necessary I should transport myself spontaneously and instantaneously——

MARI. And where, if you please?

BAUD. Where my duty calls me! a duty more important than matrimonial duty—cannons and cartridges!

Mari. Placide, you promised me that you would not swear.

BAUD. (*thumping his cane down*) Silence, Madame Baudrier!

MARI. (*starting—amazed*) What?

BAUD. Whilst only your lover, I was your slave—now that I am your husband, I am again the brigadier; and, therefore,——

MARI. But——

BAUD. (*as before*) Silence, Madame Baudrier!

MARI. Yes, dear Placide! (*aside*) I must not anger him—he is such a fine man!

BAUD. What did you observe?

MARI (*meekly*) Nothing, Placide! if you would tell me only where you are going? (*he shakes his head*) So soon after marriage to have secrets from your wife——

BAUD. Women, whether your own wife or anybody else's, being of a highly blameable and intemperate curiosity, must be kept in the dark—figuratively speaking!

MARI. But, suppose I should find out of myself?

BAUD. Then you must be muzzled!

MARI. Muzzled! and by my husband?

BAUD. Yes, I'll muzzle you, depend upon it!

MARI. And do you suppose that I'll submit to——

BAUD. (*cane, as before*) Silence, Madame Baudrier!

MARI. (*meekly*) Yes, my love!

BAUD. As a lover I was humble, so was the noble Hercules——

MARI. Who was he?

BAUD. A brigadier of antiquity—who lived somewhere about the year One! but now we are married, and I resume the dignity which is so natural and so becoming to me. (*struts to L.*)

MARI. (*tartly*) Then you were a hypocrite, and you have swindled me into matrimony!

BAUD. (*turning sharply towards her*) Silence, Madame Baudrier!

MARI. (*retreating*) Yes, my adored one! (*aside*) I must obey him—he is such a fine man!

BAUD. Don't forget that your duty is to make me happy, and get my dinner ready.

MARI. Ye-yes! At what time shall you return?

BAUD. As soon as ever I come back! (*struts over to R.*)

MARI. (*admiringly*) How majestic !

BAUD. Let me find you, on my return, seated beside the domestic hearth—repairing my dilapidated under garments—and mind that my slippers are properly aired !

MARI. Yes, my affectionate !

BAUD. You are right, I doat upon you—but, at home or abroad, I shall always remember that I am a brigadier—cannons and cartridges ! (*she shrinks*) How ? do you still object to that gentle expletive ?

MARI. Oh, dear no, I rather like it !

BAUD. Good ! my wife must love and fear me, so also must our children !

MARI. At present——

BAUD. We haven't got any—I am aware of it—and just yet, it isn't proper that we should have. But—(*twirling his moustache*) the probabilities thereof.

MARI. (*looking at him admiringly*) Oh, he is such a fine man !

BAUD. Hem ! you may kiss me, but don't discompose my moustache, and don't be long about it, for duty calls me.

MARI. No, my sweetest ! (*he draws himself up with great dignity, she approaches timidly, and kisses him*)

BAUD. Ah ! (*smoothing his moustache, and smacking his lips*) Good ! and now—for a short distance you may accompany me. (*turning to go, R.*)

MARI. But may I not take your arm ?

BAUD. My arm ? Cannons and cartridges, I am on duty !

MARI. Yes, but——

BAUD. (*as before*) Silence, Madame Baudrier !

MARI. (*meekly*) Yes, my best and gentlest !

Music.—He struts off pompously, R.—she humbly follows.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Tarbes. Same as Act II., scene 1. (3rd grooves)*

Music.—Enter JEANNE, L. U. E.

JEAN. The president would see me. Poor Claude has then been faithful to his mission, and presently my father will be vindicated—here before those who have shunned and persecuted him—but, oh ! at what a price !—no matter, I shall have courage to perform my duty, and proclaim the name of the guilty ! (*going towards steps*)

PAUL *hurrying on, L. U. E.*

PAUL. Stay, Jeanne, stay ! I understand all now ; first, let me ask your pardon for the vile suspicion that——

JEAN. Speak not of it, it was natural that—— (*going towards steps*)

PAUL. Jeanne ! you go to denounce my father !

JEAN. Mine is innocent, and the world's contempt is crushing him to the grave! (*again turning to go*)

PAUL. Oh, hold! have mercy on me, Jeanne? Spare the man whose name I bear! Remember, Jeanne, that in your abasement, when all else shrank from you, I extended to you my hand, and asked you to be my wife.

JEAN. (*aside, with emotion*) True, oh, true!

PAUL. Then, in your turn, have pity on me! I could brave death; but such shame, such degradation—horrible! horrible!

JEAN. (*greatly agitated*) It is my father's honour I defend.

PAUL. And it is *my* father you send to the scaffold.

JEAN. (*aside*) Oh, my courage abandons me! my resolution wavers. (*tumult without*)

PAUL. (*looking off, L.*) What is that?

VOICES. (*without*) Death to the assassin! death to the assassin!

JEAN. (R.) Oh, heaven! those cries.

Music—PUJOL hurries on, L. U. E., followed by ANDOCHE.

PUJOL. Save me! save me!

JEAN. (*throwing herself into his arms, C.*) Father!

ANDOCHE. (L.) Oh, the thieves! If there hadn't been so many of them.

PUJOL. As I entered the town, I was recognized, surrounded. a hundred voices exclaimed; "Death to the assassin, Pujol!" and, but for good Andoche, who bravely shielded and aided me to escape—

JEAN. (*again embracing him*) My poor father!

ANDOCHE. Ah! I only wish I had been a regiment of soldiers.

PAUL. Jeanne, I no longer entreat you; fulfil your duty. Farewell! (*hurries off, L.*)

JEAN. (*raising her head*) Yes, heaven itself hath traced the path that I must follow. Come, father, come.

(*Music—she hurries PUJOL off up steps, R., ANDOCHE follows them—CAUSSADE enters, L. U. E., followed by CLAUDE*)

CAUS. (*at back, turning savagely on CLAUDE*) For the last time, will you leave me?

CLAUDE. (*beside him, L. C.*) You stole, robbed Claude—book—letter.

CAUS. (*walking forward, R. C., to himself*) No, I have naught to fear from Jeanne, Paul will prevail with her; she will be silent, for she loves him.

CLAUDE. (*who has advanced with CAUSSADE*) Book—letter; you took 'em, but you didn't keep 'em—ha, ha, ha!

CAUS. (*raising his cane*) Miserable idiot! begone, or—

ROUSELL. (*entering, L.*) Monsieur Caussade! you mustn't strike poor idiot Claude.

CLAUDE. Letters—figures ; then she'll marry me. (*goes over and sits on steps, R., and brings an apple from his wallet*)

CAUS. (C.) He follows my every step, will not be driven from me.

ROUS. (L. C.) Pah ! what of it ? no danger in him ; he is only an idiot, you know.

CLAUDE. (*on steps*) Apple to eat. (*munching*) sour, ugh !

ROUS. There he is, you see, quietly eating.

CAUS. (*having looked around*) Now, that writing, give it to me.

ROUS. A moment ; since our pleasant chat in my palace, I have reflected.

CAUS. Ah !

ROUS. Twenty thousand francs is too small a sum ; estates worth having are now so dear.

CAUS. (*repressing an angry movement*) Ah ! I understand.

ROUS. 'Tis such a valuable piece of writing, only listen. (*reading from paper*) "July the fifth, 1836, eight o'clock in the evening."

CAUS. Silence ! silence !

ROUS. Why the very date itself is worth ten thousand francs more ; one must know how to trade now-a-days, or——

CAUS. Well, I agree.

ROUS. Oh ! but stop ; the rest of it. "Monsieur Caussade said to me, Simon——

CLAUDE. (*suddenly attentive, aside*) Simon ! Simon !

ROUS. (*continuing*) "No one knows that my child is dead, that death is my ruin ; but at three months old, all children are alike——

CAUS. (*with terror, striving to interrupt him*) Enough ! enough !

ROUS. (*continuing*) "And that is the age of Madeleine Verbier's nurse child."

CLAUDE. (*starting*) Madeleine—Verbier !

ROUS. That phrase is surely worth another ten thousand francs, eh, Monsieur Caussade ?

CLAUDE. (*rising—agitatedly, and speaking to himself*) Madeleine ! Madeleine Verbier ! mother—my mother ! yes—yonder—on the mountain—little baby—asleep—and I played—ah, ah !

CAUS. (*aside to ROUSSEL—pointing to CLAUDE*) He is listening ; should he remember——

ROUS. Pooh ! not he !

CAUS. That paper, then——

ROUS. For forty thousand francs—nothing less.

CLAUDE. (*aside*) Man ! man ! (*putting his hand to his throat, and uttering a cry*) Ah !

CAUS. Well—(*producing pocket book*) here are notes to fully the amount.

ROUS. Woe to you, if you attempt to trick me.

CLAUDE. (*shouting frantically*) Help, mother! the man is here! Mother! mother!

CAUS. Ah!—quick!

Music.—CAUSSADE and ROUSSEL rapidly exchange—

CLAUDE rushes wildly down, and snatches pocket book and paper from hand of each, and holds them aloft, shouting)

CLAUDE. The man! the man! help! help!

(CAUSSADE starts back, and draws his knife)

ROUS. Give back, idiot, give back! (*seizing CLAUDE*)

CLAUDE. No, no!—man! man!

(CLAUDE throws ROUSSEL from him, and turns round to face CAUSSADE who rushes on CLAUDE, and stabs him in the breast—he utters a despairing cry, and falls)

CAUS. Now, the paper, and then—

ROUS. No, murderer, no! (*seizing CAUSSADE*)

Music.—JEANNE, PIERRE PUJOL, ANDOCHE, and GENDARMES enter rapidly, down steps—PAUL, L. 1 E.—PEASANTS, L. U. E.—ROUSSEL releases CAUSSADE—having wrested knife from him.

JEAN. (*on steps*) At length the real murderer is known, behold the assassin of Simon! (*all start*)

CLAUDE. (*on ground, c.*) Jeanne!

JEAN. (*seeing him, running to, and kneeling beside him*) Claude, wounded!

CLAUDE. He. (*pointing to CAUSSADE, who is R. C.*) Man! man! See, Jeanne, paper, paper! (*giving her the paper which she glances over*) Money. (*showing pocket book, ROUSSEL, R. advances a step*) No, no, not yours, not yours!

ROUS. (*aside*) Ah! that idiot has done me again.

CLAUDE. (*beckoning to PAUL and giving him the pocket book*) For the poor, for the poor, who were so good to Claude. Yes, yes! (*GENDARMES advance quietly and place themselves near CAUSSADE*)

CAUS. I know my doom, the scaffold awaits me.

PAUL. (L. C.) Oh, this shame! this infamy!

JEAN. (*rising from her knee*) You have no cause to droop your head; Jacques Caussade is not your father.

PAUL. Great heaven! what say you?

JEAN. (*going to him*) That you were stolen by that man.

CLAUDE. Ah! the little baby, the little baby—asleep, asleep!

JEAN. And you are now restored to a mother, who for many long long years has wept your loss.

PAUL. Can it be?

ROUS. Yes, Count, Madame de Flavigneul is—

PAUL. Ah! then, Jeanne, proudly now may I ask you for my wife.

CLAUDE. No, no, marry me—letters, figures.

JEAN. (*going to him and again kneeling beside him*) Ah! poor Claude; dear, faithful, innocent fellow. Oh! little did I think——

CLAUDE. Jeanne cry, what for? Claude go to sleep, like father Simon; but I'm so cold, and such a pain—here! man, man, knife—Ah! I know, I go there. (*pointing upwards*) See, mother, mother! man can't come there; Jeanne come—letters, figures—marry me—ha, ha, ha! (*laughs very feebly*) Me, only me—Jeanne! Jeanne!

(*Music—he takes her hand and gazes into her face, his eyes gradually close, his hand drops from JEANNE'S, and sinking gently back he dies—JEANNE bends over him covering her face and weeping, PEASANTS droop their heads mournfully—tableau*).

Curtain.

Costumes.

CAUSSADE.—*First dress*: Brown coat and breeches, drab gaiters. *Second dress*: Disguise cloak. *Third dress*: Suit of black. *Fourth dress*: Blouse, slouch hat. *Fifth dress*: Same as first.

PAUL.—Blue frock, with full skirts, red trousers, red cap, cross of honour, (uniform of the Chasseurs d'Africa).

SIMON.—Cloth suit of rusty black, grey worsted stockings, grey hair.

PUJOL.—Body coat, brown trousers, grey hair.

ROUSSEL.—Blouse, broad brimmed hat, leather gaiters.

ANDOCHÉ.—Blouse and linen trousers

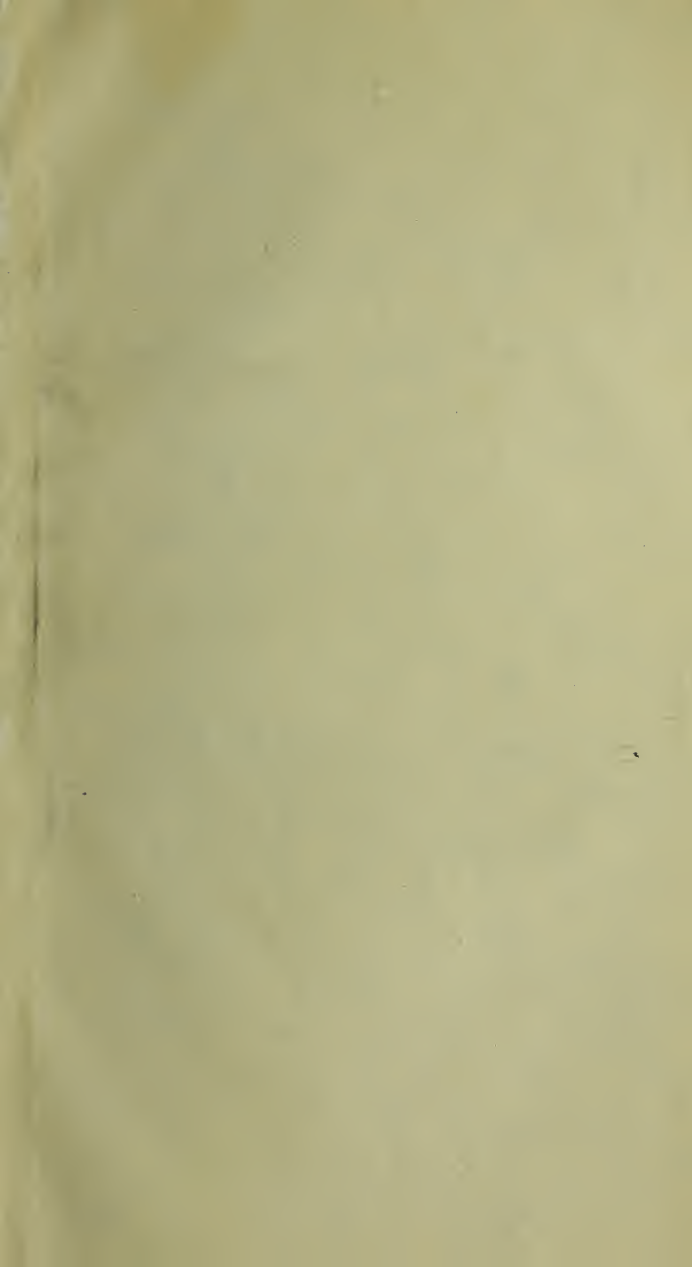
CLAUDE.—Old torn blouse and ragged trousers, old torn hat, old haversack, pouch, fleshings, shoes.

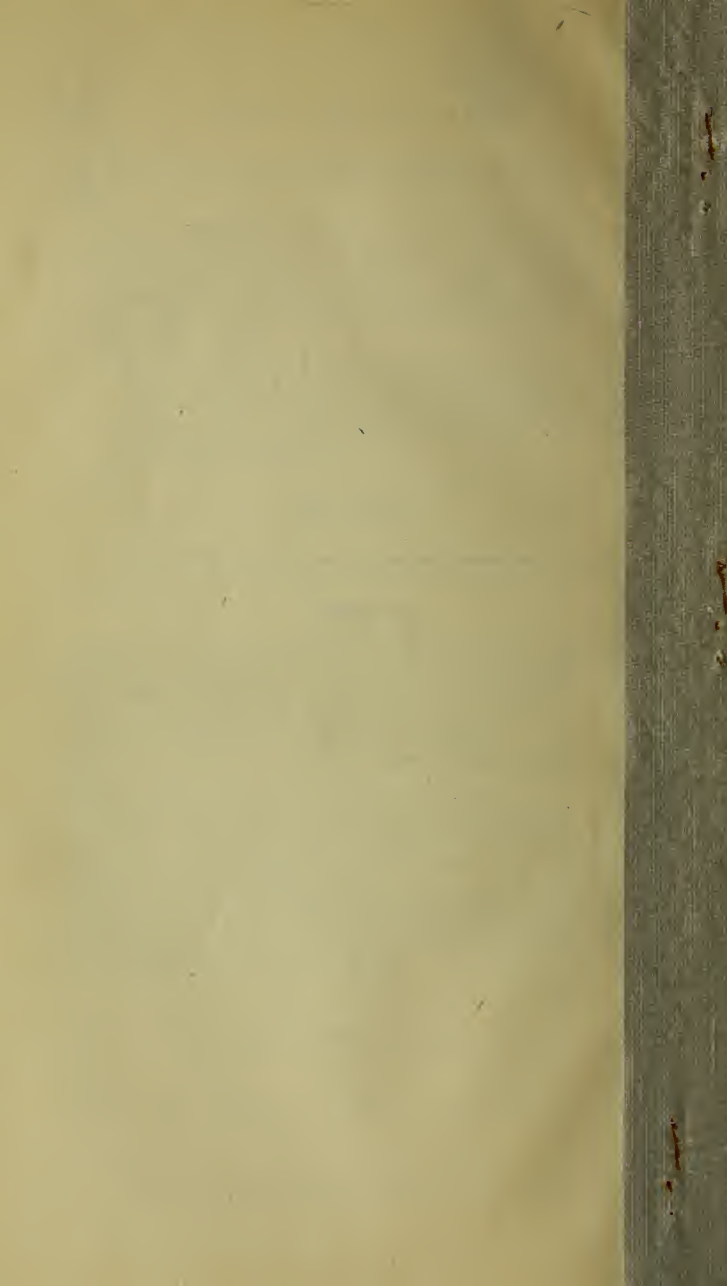
JEANNE.—Grey and blue striped petticoat, black Swiss body.

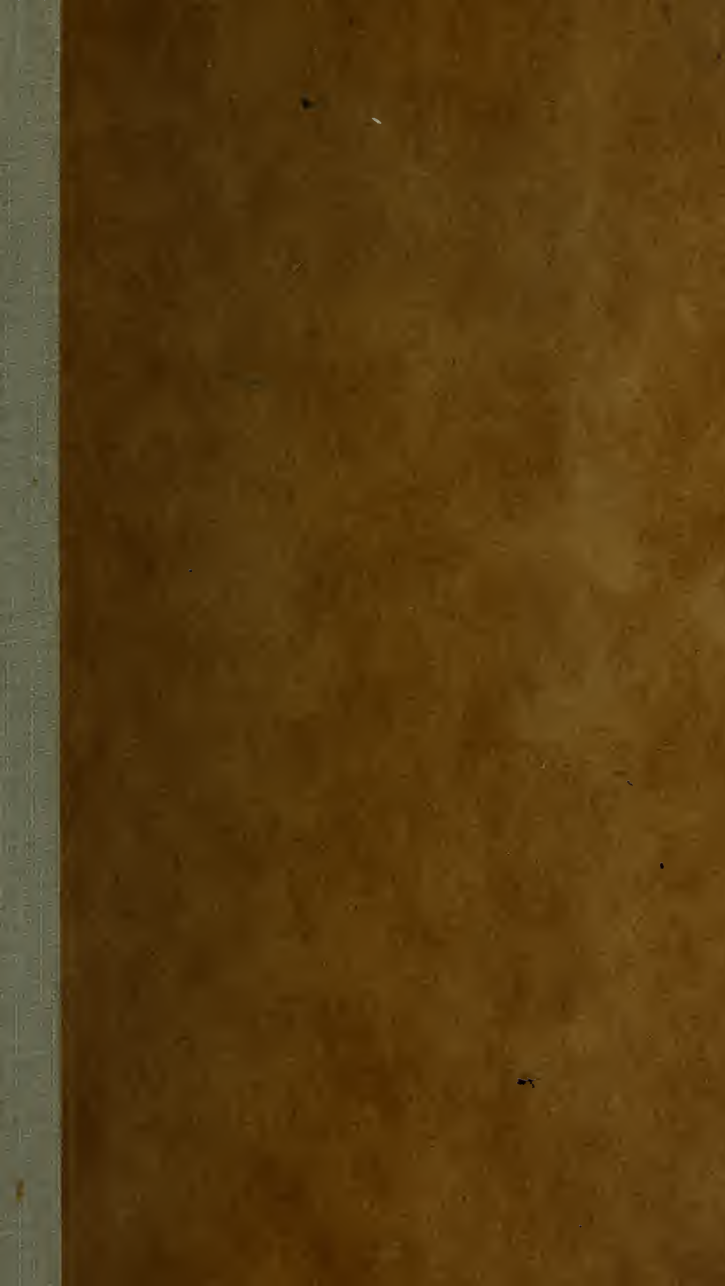
MARIETTE & PEASANTS.—Striped petticoats of various colour, neat Swiss bodies of velvet or stuff, red capuchin (or hood and neck piece meeting under the chin), aprons.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
<i>Right.</i>	<i>Right Centre.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left Centre.</i>	<i>Left.</i>







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